YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

AFTER CHOW

A cavalryman relaxes at Fort Riley, Kansas.

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Toughest Birds in the AEF

England is amazed at these rugged Yank paratroopers, so hard-boiled that their spit bounces and afraid of nothing—except the fists of their own company commanders.

By Sgt. Burgess Scott
YANK Field Correspondent

A PARATROOP BASE SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND —They eat ten-penny nails and gunpowder for breakfast, these paratroops. They lunch on boiled wildcat and every night they sit down to jeep steak with ground-glass sauce.

That's the reason, modestly admit the paratroopers themselves, that Uncle Sam's sky soldiers are the toughest birds in this man's army. If you doubt it there's a standing invitation to visit this muscle-cut factory and be convinced.

They've established a backbreaking obstacle course but now they run it like skipping rope. Seeking something tougher, the CO took them to the Welsh Coast where the British have their famous blood-and-thunder obstacle course—that military chamber of horrors where the commandos introduced the sounds and smells of the battlefield.

The Yanks were showered with earth thrown up by land mines; they crawled through buckets of animal blood, they wormed their way over slabs of decayed meat. When they finished, one soldier asked the CO, "When do we go through again, boss?"

All for One, One for All

For a new outfit, the paratroops have built up an incredible *esprit de corps*. If you sock one skytrooper you might as well have socked every one of them in sight.

English neighbors tasted this clannishness soon after the troopers settled in their midst, all becaused a paratrooper named Charley was slapped in the local clink. It was right after Dieppe and the boys were gloomy because they had been left out of the raid. Charley got drunk and sobered up later in the evening in a cell.

Charley knew the solution.

He went to the cell window and bayed at the moon in a strong voice: "San Antone!" Then he yapped "Geronimo!" once or twice and sat down to wait.

A half an hour later the jailer and deputies had their backs to the wall facing a gang in camouflage suits and armed with crowbars. It was Charley's entire company coming to release him. "San Antone" and "Geronimo" are their jumping yells and they work for the skytroopers like "Hey Rube" for circus men.

Officers Are Tough, Too

It took the company commander to disperse the boys and talk Charley gently into staying in jail until morning.

This captain could handle the situation because he's the toughest guy in the company. That's why he's captain. The boys remember the first time he assembled them for a talk. "Boys," he said, "I know differences are bound to arise and sometimes maybe they can't be handled satisfactorily with words. When that happens I'll be glad to reach an agreement with fists in the company street—without my bars." That challenge has never been taken up.

One paratrooper didn't like something a major did, so he jarred the old man's gold leaves with a right to the jaw. He was promptly guardhoused for a few days. When he had cooled off, the major called him on the carpet.

"I might have court-martialed you for that trick, brother, but I'm not going to do it. I put you in the guardhouse for just one reason," the major told him.

"You didn't give a guy a chance to get his dukes up."

The bulk of the men in this parachute outfit are from the South and the Southwest—boys who can sing, shoot, roll cigarettes, sleep on the ground, ride horses and squire the gals. That dovetails the skytroopers' scheme of making each man an AEF in himself. He's part-shock trooper, part-flyer, half-technician and half-sniper; a mixture of Daniel Boone and Gary Cooper.

Solves the Food Problem

Recently the boys went through a three-day problem, learning to live on vitablets alone. Skytrooper Luigi Rosenbloom munched tablets for a day and a half and then couldn't stand his hunger any longer. Said Luigi, "There's all kinds of game in the woods but, cripes, you can't shoot a gun at this stage of the problem."

So Luigi cut a strip from an old inner tube, whittled a forked stick and made himself a flipper. He cut off part of his shoe tongue for a holder, slipped a .45 bullet in it, and walked into the woods. That night the boys ate roast pheasant.

"Hell," grinned Luigi, "the captain could have counted ammunition and I'd still be all right. The slug I used was laying by the bird."

You can tell you're in a sky-troop outfit by the dogs. Pups of all sizes are galloping around, curled up in Nissen hut doors, hanging by their paws on the back of speeding jeeps, trotting up and down inside the fuselage of soaring Douglas transport planes. Boys on the job load everything —dogs, jeeps, motor scooters, bikes—into the ships and then pile in themselves.

On the way to take part in British Army maneuvers, the whole battalion spent their time en route singing and honking the jeep horns.

Have a Way With the Women

Entering the huts at base camp you'll find every man has a picture of his girl—good lookers, too.

U.S. paratroopers practice in Britain.

Some are from home, but a growing number of local girls have fallen for skytroopers' line. Boys from other branches of the service sum it up this way:

"Them paratroopers have just got a way with women."

It's a tossup whether girls or planes are their first love. They're fond of those big, gawky transports and carefully give each one a name, such as "Tweetie" or "Betty Grable" or "Geronimo."

Latest addition is one they've lovingly dubbed "Blue Ointment." Beneath the name they've painted a picture of a very pretty crab.

They get around, these boys.

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A Yank in France

RANGER HERO TELLS HOW HE WON BRITISH MEDAL

The first American soldier decorated by the British government in this war is Cpl. Franklin M. Koons, a Ranger who was just honored with the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery and admirable leadership under fire during the Dieppe raid. Koons is 23 years old, used to be a livestock auctioneer in Swea City, Iowa. Here is his own story of that attack on the French coast, told in his own words.

Koons makes merry.

By Cpl. Franklin M. Koons

As Told to Sgt. Robert Moora, *YANK's London Bureau*

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The sky was just beginning to get gray that August morning when our boat nosed into the surf on the beach at Dieppe. I had slept most of the way across the channel, waking up about a half hour before they yelled the order "action stations" and sent us down into the assault boats.

I wasn't nervous—not yet, anyway. We'd heard a short and snappy but swell pep talk from Lord Mountbattan, boss of the Commandos, a grand guy and a fighter if there ever was one. He left us laughing at his wise cracks, and feeling good.

When I got into the assault boat, I fell asleep again and snoozed until some spray washed in on my face and woke me up, blinking. Then I checked over my M-1 and patted the 20 rounds of ammunition in my belt. I made sure I had my grenades—three regular and one smoke—and sat back and relaxed again. A million thoughts started to tumble through my head.

I thought about myself being one of the first Yanks to set foot on French soil in this war. Not the first, because there were others scattered among the Canadian and British forces, but one of the first. This is my personal invasion, I thought.

RAF Furnishes Air Support

The sea was dark and choppy when we started to draw in close to the surf. Those cliffs south of Dieppe were looming up like ghosts in the dawn light. When we were still several hundred yards offshore, Jerry woke up and started throwing stuff. But not at our boat.

Just when those Germans started to shoot, our planes came roaring overhead and began blasting hell out of the Nazi gun positions on the shore. They really gave it to them, too. The RAF certainly furnished us with plenty of terrific support during the whole raid for that matter. I don't remember them leaving us on our own for more than 15 minutes at any time during the day.

Our bunch had to wade ashore, through 30 yards of water up to our waist, and then get across 40 yards of beach and up and over a cliff along a small and winding footpath. Then we were supposed to clear away a crew of Nazi snipers from some farmhouses so that another Commando gang could knock out a battery of six-inchers, situated near there in a strategic spot.

"I Was Just Hopping Mad"

Why Jerry didn't have some machine guns there, I don't know. All we ran up against was some barbed wire. It had a sign on it—"Achtung Minen," with an English translation. "Attention: Mines." But we decided that was just a bluff and worked our way through the wire.

As soon as we got over the cliff, we took the road toward the farmhouses. Some snipers started taking pot shots at us but we didn't meet much resistance until we reached a farmyard 200 yards from the coast artillery batteries we were after.

There's an old army saying that soldiers are no good until they see their own men drop. Well, that's the truth. I was scared to death until a Britisher right near me got hit. Then a bullet damned near took my hand off.

Suddenly I wasn't scared any more. I was just hopping mad. All that mattered now was to get the guy who did it and as many more as possible.

I managed to get through the farmyard and into a stable that was full of horses and cattle.

"I was scared until a Britisher right near me got hit. Then a bullet damned near took my hand off. Suddenly I wasn't scared any more. Just hopping mad."

I went into a stall with a horse that tried to kick and bite and crawled over a manger. I found myself behind a stone wall with a nice opening between the stones for my rifle. So I started shooting at the gunners in that six-inch battery 200 yards away.

I don't know if I killed any of them. But I know that some of them disappeared.

In that farmyard, where I was having my rifle practice, there was a big barn with about 15 windows, 20 feet from the ground. A lot of snipers behind those windows were giving us trouble. I saw a Britisher named Aitkins run right out into the open and race the whole length of the barn, tossing a grenade into each window and then giving each window a burst from his tommy gun.

In two minutes, the whole place was cleared.

Meanwhile, one of the Commando landing parties, assigned to blow up the six-inch battery, copped it bad. Before they reached the shore, the boys ran into a fleet of German escort vessels and only 20 of them managed to get through to the beach and reach the rendezvous point.

Those 20 men went right ahead and pitched into the job that had been planned for the whole unit. They lacked explosives but scattered out around the battery and opened fire on the gun crews. They must have scared hell out of those Jerries because they swung their six-inch guns and tried to fire point blank at the Commandos.

The little group of 20 men tied that battery up in a knot and prevented the guns from doing any damage for more than three hours. Then they finally pierced the battery defenses in a bayonet rush and blew up the guns and ammunition.

"First of Many Thousands"

After the six-inch guns were wiped out, I knew it was time to return to the boats. We fought a light rear-guard action back down the road. I was amazed to see a French family come out of their house and watch us, just like we were a traveling circus or something. I always heard about French girls being beautiful but there were a couple in this family who looked like angels.

They didn't speak English, so I got a Canadian to translate for me and make them a little speech.

"We're only the first of many thousands of Americans who are coming over here," I told them. "We sympathize with you and we're working hard to liberate you.

"We're going back now but some day we'll land and we won't go back."

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They Make THE Jeep

Meet the fighters in overalls who are breaking records on the assembly line making the best all-around combat car in the world for American, British, Russian and Chinese soldiers

By Sgt. Bill Davidson
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOLEDO, OHIO — This bustling industrial city held a ceremony recently. It took place at the Willys-Overland jeep plant, and it marked the completion of the x-thousandth jeep on the Willys-Overland assembly line.

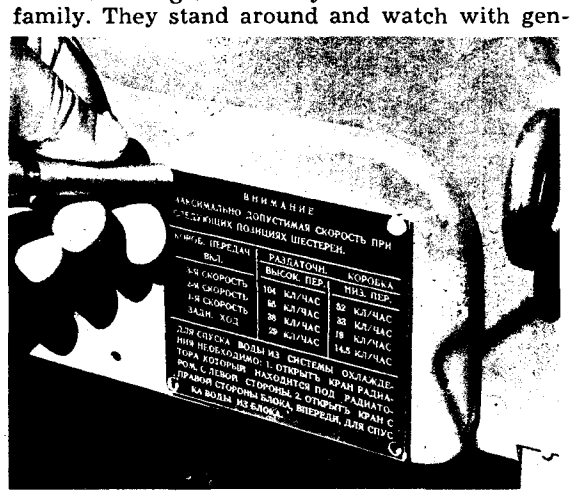
Now there is nothing unusual about this, except that (1) x-thousand is a staggering figure capable of causing great consternation among our enemies, and (2) when they hold a ceremony for a jeep in Toledo, it is like holding a ceremony for a member of the family.

To a field soldier, this is difficult to understand.

We ride along in the ugly snub-nosed little vehicle, never realizing the care and precision and sweat that go into the making of a jeep. Snorting efficiently, it bounces us cross-country, smashes its way through tangled jungle undergrowth, and struggles across treacherous streams and impassable desert sands. It carries our machine gun, our stretcher, our mortar or our 75 into places we never thought it possible for a machine gun, a stretcher, a mortar or a 75 to go under power. It strains and toils, does a thousand things no other vehicle in the history of the world has ever been able to do. And we pat it on the nose and say, "Thank God for the jeep."

But still we don't know the heart and soul and fibre that goes into the making of the jeep.

The men of Toledo know. And that's why, when they have a ceremony celebrating the x-thousandth jeep to be created at their plant, it's like having a ceremony for a member of the family. They stand around and watch with genuine pride, and dream that they are 20 years younger and riding a jeep down the Ginza or the Wilhelmstrasse.



Destination: Russia.

There's Jack Ellis, for instance. Twenty-four years ago, Pvt. Jack Ellis crouched in a shell hole on the battle-scarred road from Dijon to St. Mihiel in France. He was the driver of a 7-ton ammunition truck then, only he didn't have his truck anymore. It was about a hundred yards down the road, tipped over crazily in a ditch. An axle had broken the night before, when he was leading an ammunition train up to the front. He had worked like a demon to repair the axle, but it was no use. Defective workmanship back at the factory — and the axle just cracked up under battle conditions.

Now, in the full light of the dawn, a German Fokker plane was coming in over the truck to finish it off.

Ellis watched and winced as the first machine gun bullets bit into the truck. Then, with an earth-shattering roar, the truck blew up. Debris rained down around Ellis' head. He cursed silently to himself. A whole battalion was depending on the ammunition in that truck. "Why," he muttered over and over again, "why in God's name did that have to happen — back at the factory?"

Today, Jack Ellis (whom you may remember as one of the great auto-racing drivers of the 1920s) is at the Willys plant, keeping an eye on things. He is the chief inspector for the War Department, and his job is to see that not a single jeep is shipped out of the plant without being tested for all possible defects. He has 55 men working under him. Every operation is watched. Every Saturday, 15 jeeps chosen at random from

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the assembly line are subjected to a 100-mile road test. Every day, 30 out of each 100 vehicles are smashed and hurtled through the most difficult automobile-testing course in the country. Seldom are any defects found. There are no "bugs" in the jeep. Ex-Pvt. Jack Ellis has seen to that.

Down on the production line, there's a couple named Ralph and Bertha King. Ralph King works in the "jeep hospital" where minor defects in tested jeeps are corrected. Bertha King works on body assembly, where the jeep begins to take its final form. Once 21-year-old Ralph King Jr. worked here, too. But young Ralph is away now. He's with the Amphibious Engineers, training for commando warfare, at Camp Edwards, Mass.

Own Son in Army Inspires Exactitude

Bertha King is a brown-haired motherly woman in her 40s. She works with a crew of six other women, and they cluster around each jeep as it passes them on the assembly line, tightening nuts and bolts on the body. Mrs. King tightens each bolt with almost fanatical exactitude. "What we do here," she says, "shortens the time that my boy will be away."

Ralph King Sr. is a stocky red-haired man with crinkly lines under his eyes. All his life he's been working on engines. In the last war, he was a motorcycle dispatch rider with 3rd Division Headquarters, and he and his hell-wheel tore through the shot and shell of six battles, from Chateau-Thierry to the Meuse Argonne. In the Argonne his whole outfit was wiped out beside him, but he escaped unscathed. On that one front, he rode his wheel under fire for a month and two days without a single hour's relief.

But at Metz, a motorcycle he was riding crashed into a truck, and he ended up in the hospital for

Inspector Ellis tests a jeep.

five weeks with a fractured ankle. Defective workmanship.

"That's not going to happen to my boy," says Ralph King Sr. "Not when he's riding one of *these* babies."

If anyone in the plant carelessly tried to let a defective jeep get through to his boy, Ralph King Sr. would crack his skull with a monkey wrench.

That's the way they all feel on this particular section of the Home Front. Most of the men have been working here for years, and they're real craftsmen at their trade. A big proportion of them are veterans of the last war, and they know what it means to be on the firing line. Almost all of them have someone fighting in this one. And they're making sure their boys are getting the best it's possible to produce.

Herbert Belcher, for instance, greases the chassis of the jeeps to keep them from rusting during shipment. His son Clebert is a sharpshooter in the Infantry, stationed Somewhere in the South Pacific. In his last letter, Clebert told his father that his outfit was using jeeps in the island jungle warfare against the Japs. Old Herbert Belcher hasn't had a reject against his record yet.

William Fosty tests motors for the jeep merely by listening to the sound of them. He's been doing that for 20 years. He has two nephews in the Army, stationed, as he puts it, Somewhere in the World. They use jeeps, too. A defective motor has never gotten through old Bill Fosty.

Others just hope. Tom Liaros, for example, came here from Greece in 1907. His job is greasing the body of the jeep. He had two brothers in the Greek Army. But that was before the Germans came. He thinks that one of his brothers, John, was able to get through to Mikhailovitch. So old Tom Liaros keeps working on the endless line of jeeps, praying every once in a while that a few of them might some day reach John, wherever he may be in Serbia's mountain fastnesses.

Andy Jones finds 'em reliable.

Sixty-two-year-old Theodore Schuster was born in Poland. Part of his family is still there.

He prays, too.

It is these men and thousands like them who see that the best of everything goes into the jeep. The chassis, frame and body are made out of the best steel; the windshield is made out of the best glass; the engine is the same 4-cylinder job that used to power the Willys passenger cars. The assembly line, too, is the same. The welded chassis goes in at one end, and a fully-assembled jeep comes out at the other end of the plant, the special weather-resisting paint already dried in a series of near-infra-red drying tunnels along the way. Each man performs just one operation. After testing, the jeep is knocked down and crated for shipment.

The jeep of today is without a flaw—less than one year after it was first put into production. "It is," as Chief Inspector Ellis puts it, "the best all-around combat car of any type in the world." The British and Canadians are using them by thousands. The Russians have been clamoring for the "jeepski" in tremendous quantities, and Marshal Timoshenko actually credits them with stopping the Germans in the Stalingrad street fighting. The Chinese use them until they fall apart from old age and acute overwork. In the Chinese language, the word jeep means "tough guy."

There are no less than 32 ways of equipping the basic jeep for different combat purposes, the latest of which is as a pee-wee half-track fitted with scrapers for converting wilderness into landing fields for fighter planes. Besides, it has been demonstrated by the Department of Agriculture that the jeep is unsurpassed for plowing, harrowing and general farm work. The U.S. Marines and the British Commandos have used it as the backbone of landing operations. And there isn't a vehicle or animal in the world that can go through matted jungle country as easily as the jeep.

This Man Made Jeep What It Is Today

According to Delmar G. Roos, its designer, that's the way we're going to lick the Japs. "Burma," he says, "demonstrated the complete unsuitability of heavy armored vehicles for jungle fighting. The small light jeep with its low silhouette is perfect for this type of warfare. Five hundred jeeps at Mandalay, and the Burma Road would be in our hands today."

Roos should know. His nephew might be alive today if those 500 jeeps had been at Mandalay. His nephew was Scarsdale Jack Newkirk, who, if you recall, was the ace of the American Flying Tigers in China before his patched-up P40 was knocked out of the skies by the Japs.

It was Roos, one of the nation's foremost automotive-engineering geniuses, who designed the jeep in its present form. Two years ago the Army came up with a platform on wheels, built to carry two men with a machine gun, riding flat on their stomachs. Then the Army turned over sketchy specifications for a vehicle, weighing 1400 pounds, to Willys, Ford and Bantam. "Build us a GP or general purpose reconnaissance car," they said, "that will be as light and practical as this 'belly-flopper.'" That's when Delmar Roos set to work. It was his model that the Army adopted. After the "bugs" were ironed out, all three companies began making GP's, or jeeps as they were called, according to Roos's Willys specifications.

Today, the Willys plant is converted 100 per cent to war work. By far the greater number of the thousands of men and women employed work on the jeep line. It's an old plant, with none of the chromium and trimmings of the newer industrial palaces. But it's doing more than its job, and actually outproducing most of its fancier competitors. Every bit of machinery in the plant has been put to work. As you go down the assembly line where a few short months ago passenger vehicles were built, you see old drills and presses from the days of the 1918 Overland 90. There are tractors and cranes here which had been stored away since the Willys Knight of the 1920s. As 52-year-old Andrew Jones puts it, "the equipment is like us—old, solid, reliable—and it knows what it's doing."

Have Very Real Stake in War

He's right. The men here know what they're doing. Those of military age long since have gone, and a huge honor roll is erected for them in front of the plant. The others have a very real stake in the war—their own flesh and blood, the security of their homes and country—and they realize it. More than two million dollars of their salaries have gone into war bonds.

A few months ago, a man walked into the personnel office of the plant and asked for a job. He didn't look at all like the ordinary applicant, and the personnel interviewer stared at him curiously. The man was in his 50s, and with his graying hair, spectacles and beautifully-tailored suit, he looked more like a banker than a factory worker.

"Your name, please?" said the interviewer.

"George Ryder."

"What position are you applying for?"

"Anything on the assembly line."

"Previous experience?"

"None, except that I studied engineering in school."

"Er—where have you been working?"

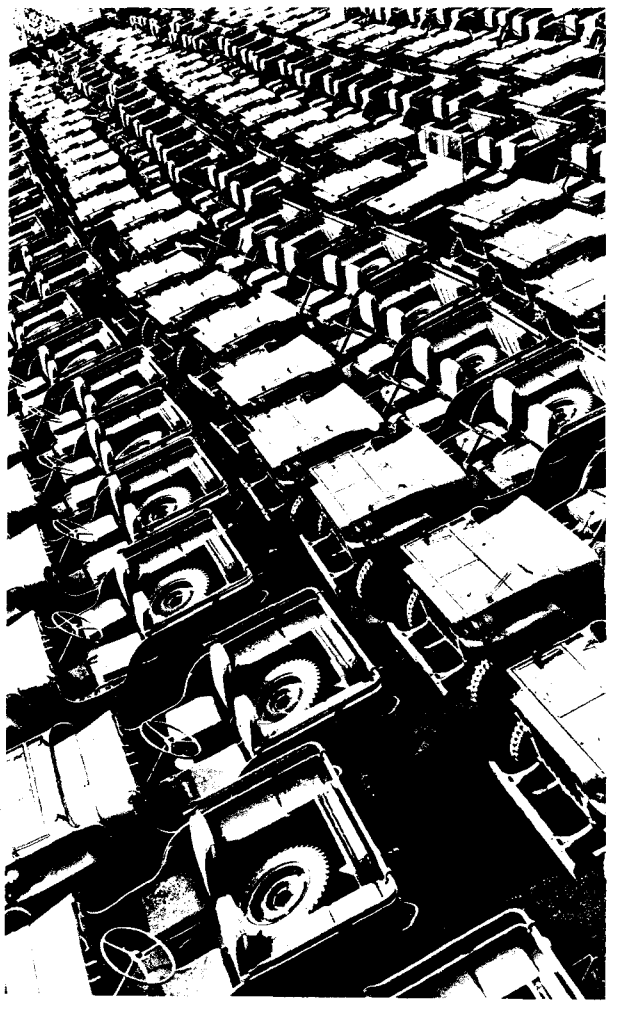
"Thirteen years as an executive of William Taylor Sons and Company, a Cleveland department store. Eight years with Lamson Brothers department store here in Toledo. That's where I'm working now . . . In the last war, I drove an ammunition truck. 116th Supply Train. St. Nazaire to the artillery behind the front lines."

"But—but, Mr. Ryder," stammered the interviewer, "what does a man of your—er—background want with a job on an assembly line?"

"Son," said Ryder, "I just tried to enlist and they wouldn't let me. I'm not too old to work *here*, am I?"

Today, George Ryder, department-store executive, is a gauge inspector on the Willys assembly line. He works with precision instruments, seeing to it that every wrench on the line is adjusted correctly, to the 1/10,000 of an inch.

That's the kind of man we have backing us up on the Home Front.



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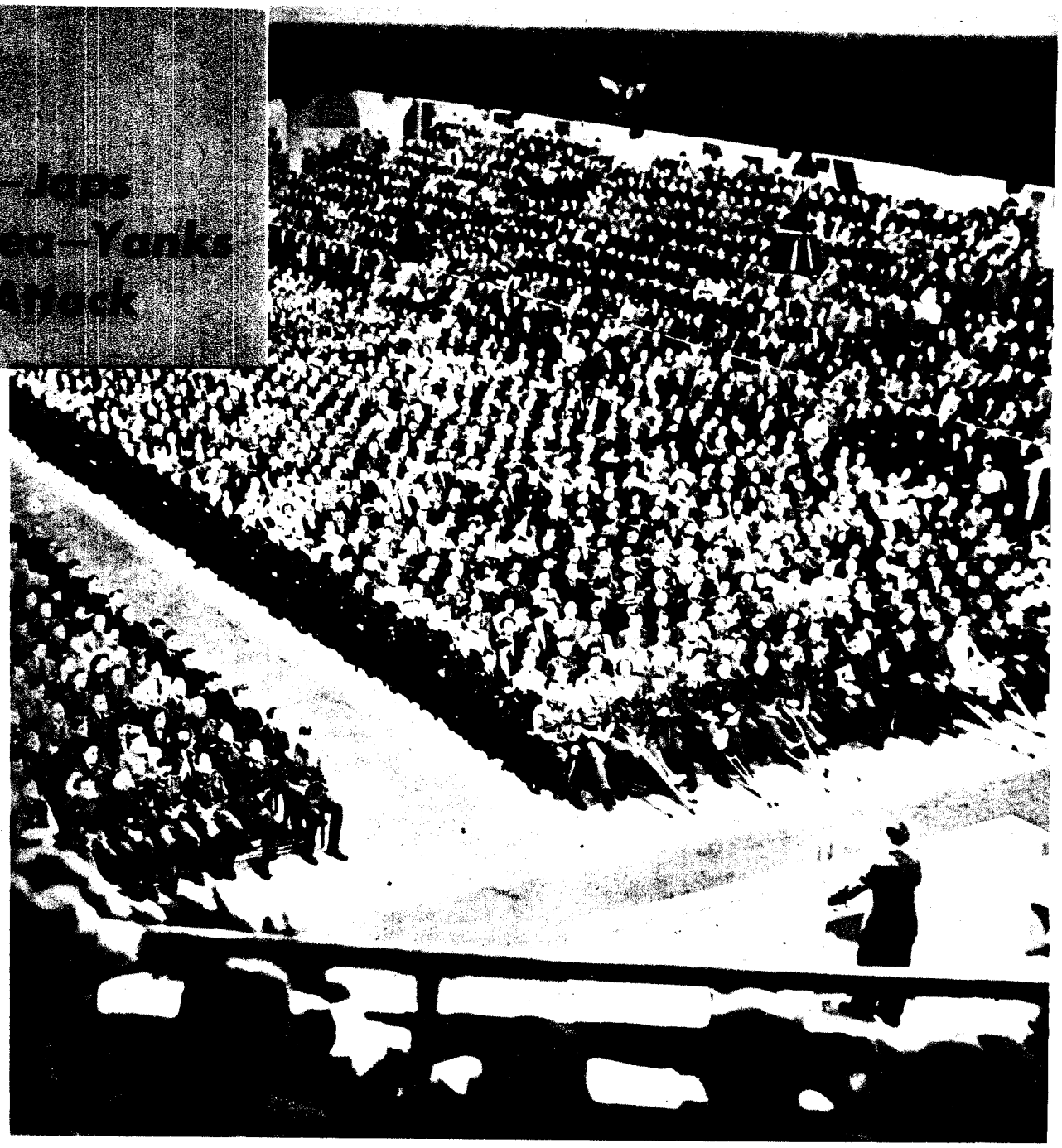
A WEEK OF WAR

Hitler Speaks—Japs Fear in New Guinea—Yanks Hit Biggest Air Attack



Hitler opening Winter relief campaign in Berlin in October, 1941. This year there was less cheering.

MARSHAL ROMMEL arrived, wearing the khaki uniform of the Afrika Korps; Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels prepared the crowd for the star act. Rumors of a Nazi "palace revolution" are false, he declared.

Goebbels.

Then Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler escorted Adolf Hitler to the platform of the Sportspalast in Berlin.

There was less cheering than usual while Der Fuehrer spoke, according to reports that reached neutral Switzerland. The weight of the war had begun to be felt and Nazi applause was losing its old-time spontaneity.

A year before at the opening of the Nazi winter relief campaign Der Fuehrer had declared that the Russians would never be able to rise again, and that the final paralyzing blow had been dealt them by the Nazis. Now, 12 months later, he was only able to promise that "we will take Stalingrad, of that you can be assured."

The Russians had not heard the speech. Neither had the grim Nazis at Stalingrad. The famous German Knights of the "Ladies Hairpin" Division trailed sullenly behind a herd of pedigreed bulls. The division had been routed, and its banners, embroidered with the design of a hairpin, were on their way to Moscow's largest museum.

Parachuting bombs floated over the steppes of Stalingrad like Chinese lanterns. Peasant women cut into kerchiefs for their heads the silk parachutes taken from captured parachutists.

"Ni Shaga Nozod—Not One Step Back," Red soldiers shouted. They would give up a house, then throw a hand grenade inside. It was Stalingrad's most decisive moment, but Hitler's pledge was still unfulfilled.

Japs Bombed in New Guinea

"The Japanese will, of course, occupy all of New Guinea," Der Fuehrer continued.

But in the rain-drenched jungles of New Guinea the "friendly" Japs were retreating too rapidly even to bury their dead.

A steady rain of fire and steel from Allied planes sent them hurling back along the Kokoda track in the Owen Stanley mountain range. Australian jungle fighters were in swift pursuit.

The main force of the enemy had not been met, but American Flying Fortresses had destroyed the main Jap supply line, fired two transports, and were believed to have hit a cruiser at Rabaul.

In the Solomons, U.S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps planes, operating from Guadalcanal, downed 42 enemy aircraft, dropped bombs on two cruisers, a large transport and a seaplane tender without loss.

Small Japanese forces landed by night on Guadalcanal Island, site of a temporary air base built by the enemy but lost to the Marines soon after they landed in August. Two heavy Jap bombing attacks were beaten off with the loss of eight of the escorting fighters and without any bombs reaching their objectives. At least two more enemy planes were downed in American counter-bombing activity, while a Japanese destroyer was damaged, munitions dumps fired and troop concentrations shot up.

A major campaign was in the making in the Solomons. Already the Nazi shortwave reported a "large" naval engagement was in progress between U.S. and Japanese forces in that region, but reports from the Navy Department in Washington were that there was "no major change" in positions held by the Yanks.

Hand-to-hand fighting continued. The Marines were telling it to the Nipponese.

Nazi Planes Downed in Europe

Germany, Hitler asserted, would again "answer to bombing attacks on the Reich by air attacks on Britain." A tiny English village was hit, and more than a score of schoolboys were killed.

Three days later the Yanks' biggest air attack of the war took place. It was led by America's growing Air Force in Britain. Flying Fortresses blasted a Nazi aircraft factory and an airfield in Northern France, shooting down 13 of Germany's crack fighter planes.

U.S. Army medium bombers at the same time swooped down over Le Havre's docks, and escorting American and Allied fighters—about 400 of them—knocked off five more Nazi Focke-Wulf 190 planes.

Radio operator, Sgt. Ned Hertszan, of Los Angeles, was responsible for one hit. "I got the so-and-so," he reported. "He'll never get anyone else."

Taking part also were the battle-wise pilots of three Eagle Squadrons of the RAF, transferred a few days before to the 4th Pursuit Group of the 8th U.S. Air Force.

Since his opponents, according to Herr Hitler, are "military idiots I really can't know what they will do next."

His opponents demonstrated one thing they would do next. The British attacked over the hot sands of Egypt, made gains, and prepared for the expected "next round" which may begin any day now.

"All of Europe," the Nazi chief told his listeners, "is united behind Germany."

Edouard Herriot Arrested

Edouard Herriot was an exception. The former president of the French Chamber of Deputies would not promise that he would not join the Fighting French. "You insult me," he retorted. "You can tell your masters that I am not obliged to take any engagements."

Herriot.

The 70-year-old political leader, who resigned from the French Legion of Honour when it conferred the cross on two men who were fighting Russia, was arrested and reported sent to a Nazi concentration camp.

Meantime, Vichy kept secret from Frenchmen the fact that Red Cross supplies reaching Marseille were from the U. S.; and there were uprisings when the Laval Government attempted to meet Germany's demand for 150,000 skilled workers. Several Nazi leaders were killed.

Of a second front, Adolf Hitler said, "I am not worried."

When he finished, there were the usual "Sieg Heils"! There was the expected mad shout of approval. It was the fourth such appeal for the Nazi winter relief fund Der Fuehrer had made since the war began.

Sweden's newspaper *Svenska Dagbladet* commented as follows:

"In 1940 Germany considered she was victorious. In 1941 she considered she would be victorious. In 1942 she considers she must be victorious."

You don't want to be gigged for lagging when everybody's rushing to subscribe to YANK. So get on the ball. Fill out this coupon right away, mail it with 75 cents to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd Street and we'll send you 26 issues, one every week for six months.

FULL NAME AND RANK A.S.N.

ARMY ADDRESS

YANK CAN BE MAILED ONLY TO MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES 1-18

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Yanks Establish Base in Aleutians

THEY dug all day with short-handled shovels, and by nightfall the sergeants, the corporals and the privates had a place to sleep—underground. The officers found no better shelter. There was none.

From the motliest and probably the largest convoy of American ships ever to sail the North Pacific the U.S. Army landed in the Andreanof Islands, only 125 miles off Jap-occupied Kiska. They came in hefty naval craft, in fleet fighting boats, broad-based transports, powerful barges and tugs, converted yachts and even a four-masted codfish schooner.

There was no opposition from the enemy along the stormy path the convoy traveled from Dutch Harbor. Not a ship or a man was lost.

The weather was the toughest foe on these almost uninhabited islands of the Aleutian group. The Andreanofs are treeless, volcanic land-blobs within easy pursuit-plane range of Kiska. Rain falls almost every day; there is frequently frost in July, and winter begins in September.

For ten days the men set their shoulders into the wind and worked. By the time the first enemy reconnaissance plane appeared, the landing operation was completed, and anti-aircraft batteries were in place.

Flying Fortresses and B-24s and Lockheed Lightning, Bell Airacobra and Curtiss pursuit planes were ready, and they struck often.

Almost daily for a week the Yanks swept over Kiska, Agattu and distant Attu. By the first week in October Japanese ship losses in the Aleutians had reached 43 damaged or destroyed.

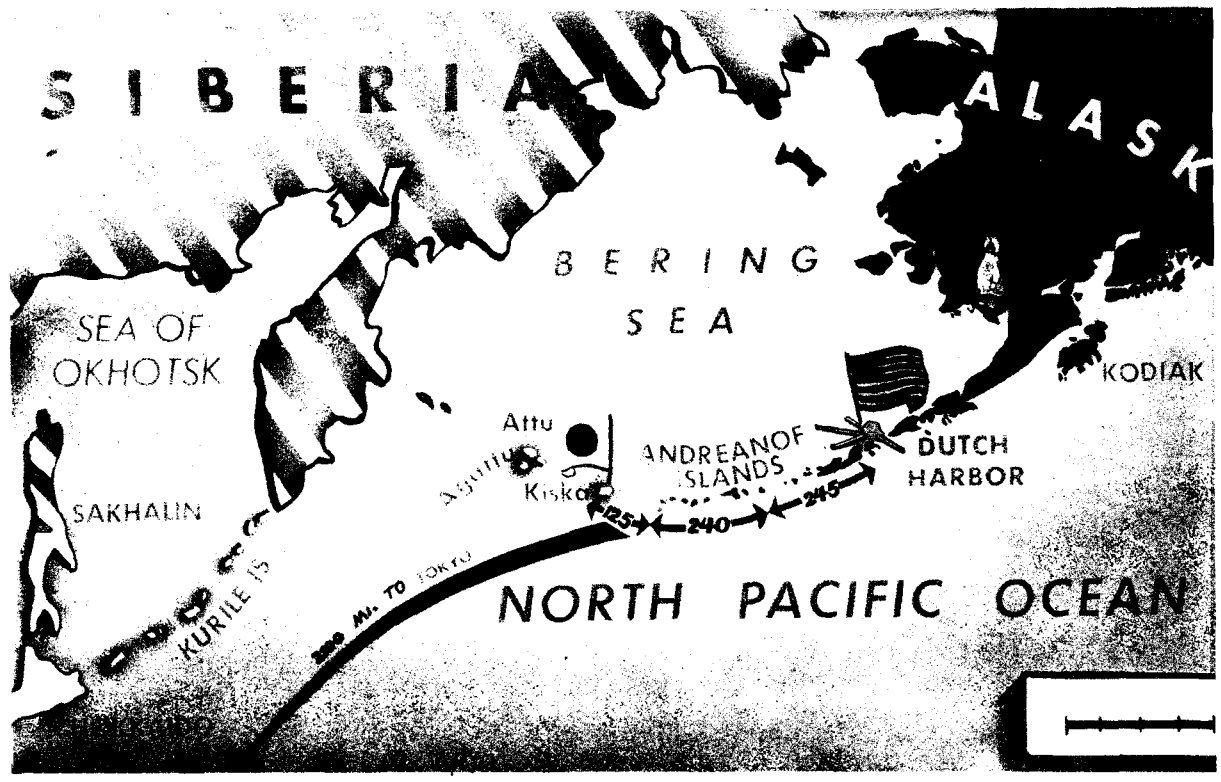
Japs landed in June and captured 10 American weather observers stationed in the outer Aleutians. That was their only major victory.

Periodically since then Army and Navy planes have flown over, dropping bombs, sinking ships, spreading destruction among the thousands of Honshu's hopeful little men, mostly at Kiska.

Now the operation could begin in earnest. The stakes were high. Halfway between Tokyo and San Francisco, 2,295 miles from Pearl Harbor and 1,438 miles from the important Russian naval and air bases at Petropavlovsk in Siberia, the Aleutians are an important jumping-off point for possible American convoys moving west toward Tokyo—or for Japanese bound east.

If the Japanese should decide to move into Russia's Pacific territories, those barren dots of land might, in enemy hands, be a dangerous threat to American attempts to send supplies to Soviet Arctic bases.

But with the establishment of an air base only 125 miles from Kiska, the strategic Aleutians are now an operating point for U.S. planes and men.



In Next Week's YANK

OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL

YANK follows a G.I. from Nebraska through the training course at Fort Benning that makes him a second lieutenant in the Infantry.

KISKA JAPS GOODBYE

Sgt. Georg Myers, our correspondent from Alaska, writes about the lighter side of Army life among the Eskimos.

Setting up light housekeeping in Andreanof Islands, these lads lost no time getting a machine gun in position.

Tent pitched, he takes care of "best friend."

View of beach during landing at Andreanof Islands.

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N NEW GUINEA, American pilots enjoy a game of volley ball. They're ready, oo, for another and grimmer game in which that P39 shown here would figure.

IN HAWAII, this tank man didn't waste any time trying to find a soft place to sleep after exhausting maneuvers that saw thousands of men and machines in action.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM SHAVETAIL KPS TO TOMMY GUNS

AUSTRALIA

When World Is All Pots and Pans Take Heart from This Inspiring Story

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—You can't put a lieutenant on KP, so a mess sergeant in charge of a field kitchen had to scramble through the eucalyptus trees early the other morning looking for a replacement when one of the men scheduled to assist him, Pfc. Ralph A. Gustafson, of Cleveland, turned up wearing gold bars and made a surprise inspection of some pots and pans he came within 24 hours of having to clean.

Pvt. Gustafson's lofty promotion to shavetail, announced by General Headquarters when he was out on a firing range, was revealed to him just as he was lining up his sights on a target from a prone position. In the hubbub that the news aroused, he never did get a chance to shoot. "I was sore at first because I couldn't fire," he said later. "Then I was dazed."

The new lieutenant wrote his girl a few weeks ago that he was hoping for a "slight" promotion. He cabled her about his commission as soon as he heard of it, but he's afraid she may think either the cable company or the censor somehow put in "lieutenant" instead of "corporal."

Incidentally, he was bawled out lustily by a corporal just a few hours before getting his bars, and on being sworn in resolved immediately to go tell that noncom a few things. He never did, though, because by the time he found the man, Cpl. Bernard Rose, from Indianapolis, Rose was a lieutenant, too.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

This, That and the Other About Yanks in the Land Down Under

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Incidental intelligence from Down Under:

Sgt. Ralph Golob received a box of stationery from Miss Rosalind Skolnick of Brooklyn, who, being his girl friend, seems to distrust him just a little bit. The envelopes not only had his return address and APO printed on them, but practically all were prematurely addressed to the aforesaid Miss Skolnick in her own girlish hand. A few unaddressed envelopes, it is to be assumed, are to be used for correspondence with his immediate family.

It seems that some outfits down here have trouble getting all their men together for physical checkup, their work being what it is. One outfit, however, hit on what is considered the perfect solution. The pill-pushers are called in on pay day, the soldiers strip, are given the once over, then hold out their hands for the "censor" stamp. After that, "Awk!" goes the eagle.

Those brass insignia on our blouses are fast disappearing because of their value as souvenirs.

Colonels are human! One colonel gave orders that ties should be worn at all times, then appeared at morning mess with his collar unbuttoned and no tie.

We pay sixpence (about nine cents) a pack for cigarettes and are limited to one pack a day. Chewing gum is worth its weight in gold.

Then there is the story of the Yank who was walking post at an isolated airdrome. He failed to recognize an Aussie who came up in the darkness. "Who's there?" says the sentry.

"Gen. Tojo," the Aussie says.

The Yank, who is a hard man with a gag, takes a shot at him. The Aussie hits the dirt and starts crawling away from there.

The sentry and the Aussie's sergeant-major (topkick) reach the culprit at the same time, and peace is made between the three of them. "Treat me gently in the future," the Aussie says to his sarge. "I'm a bloke that's been under fire."

Something doing every minute down here.

CPL. CLAUDE RAMSEY
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

ICELAND

Army Nurse With Imagination Slips Slip to Wounded Corporal

REYKJAVIK—Quick thinking by a local Army nurse, who slashed her pretty pink slip into bandages and administered emergency first aid until an ambulance arrived, saved the life of a corporal seriously injured in an automobile accident here.

On the scene when the crash occurred, the attractive 30-year-old nurse rushed to the corporal's side and found him with a severe head wound. A nearby G.I. wielded his pocket knife to make bandages from her unmentionables. She then proceeded to bind the corporal's head, stem the flow of blood and give treatment for shock.

When the doctor arrived with his ambulance crew he commended the nurse on her treatment and said the patient would not have survived without her aid. Now the corporal is recovering in a hospital and will rejoin his unit in a few weeks.

A native of Trenton, N. J., the nurse has been in the ANC only since July 1. Before joining Uncle Sam's payroll, she served as a private nurse in Trenton.

YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

ENGLAND

Yanks Visit Churchill's House And Argue About Pumpkin Pies

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The historic sanctum known as No. 10 Downing Street was invaded the other day by three gum-chewing Yanks—the first

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IN GUATEMALA, U. S. troops stop at the public fountain for a bit of conversation. Question, not to be answered: Are they interested in the pottery or something else?

IN ENGLAND, the Navy proves it's at home on land, even atop a building. The sailor is being shown things by a U. S. Red Cross girl. He seems appreciative.

U.S. enlisted men insofar as we could determine to visit the Prime Minister's official residence since we entered the war. The trio wanted to see how things looked in the ancient building where matters of moment to the world are decided, then tell the rest of the Yanks about it. They were members of YANK's London Bureau—Sgt. Burgess Scott, Paducah, Ky., Sgt. George Aarons, Nashua, N. H., and Sgt. Robert Moora, Montclair, N. J.

The guy they really wanted to see was the Prime Minister himself but, although they did glimpse him—trailing his famous cigar across the famous garden of No. 10—they didn't get an interview. That, said Churchill's press secretary, was out, not only for YANK, but also for the press generally.

It was an interesting visit, nevertheless, marked with the warmth typical of British hospitality toward Yanks in less important homes throughout the Isles. For at least an hour they sat in the office of George Steward, the genial newspaperman who is Churchill's press secretary, and chatted about everything from the blitz to recipes for pumpkin pie.

They were slightly ill at ease at first in such dignified surroundings. Scott and Moora were actually conscious of the dukes and earls in the wall paintings, who frowned down on Aarons as he worked nervously and quite audibly on a wad of Beechnut.

After a while, though, they felt as much at home as if they had been guzzling beer in a canteen at Camp Blanding or Camp Shelby. The conversation ran to the usual subjects—how Yanks liked Britain, whether they thought the English too reserved, and were they having a tough time understanding British accents. Scott, Kentucky born and raised, wondered if all Yanks, including drawling Southerners, sounded to the British as though they were talking through their noses. Steward said that, on the contrary, he thought Americans generally had vibrant, resonant voices that were actually much nicer to hear than the clipped British speech. However, he ventured that the Yank's mutilation of English names was sometimes pretty horrible.

"Yes," Moora said, "I've noticed how passengers on the underground grin when I say Glow-sester for Gloucester Road. I don't know I'm doing it. I just give them a laugh."

The talk finally got around to pumpkin pie. It was on this subject that the American Army almost broke diplomatic relations with No. 10 Downing Street.

Pumpkin pie, as any Yank knows, should be made of pumpkin and spices, baked without a pastry cover.

Steward insisted that the American brand was not pumpkin pie. "That," said he, "is what Yanks call 'punkin pie,' and it is a gross libel on the genuine pumpkin pie, spelled with two p's." Real pumpkin pie, he insisted, is composed of equal parts of sliced pumpkin and apple, shouldn't have spice, and should be baked with a pastry cover.

Slim Aarons, never a very patient fellow anyway, could stand it just so long. He ended the debate abruptly.

"Hell, man," he said, "you can't tell me how to make pies. I used to work in a pie factory."

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

"A hangover, Peebles, is not sufficient to go on sick call."

Chicago Gunman Baffles Surrey Populace, as the Eagle Disgorges

LONDON—The British, who have never worried about payroll holdups, are amused by the measures Uncle Sam takes to guard soldiers' pay. This is a story carried in the London *Daily Mirror* the day after pay day, under the heading TOMMYGUN GUARD FOR UNITED STATES ARMY PAY:

"Tommygun in hand, finger on trigger, a young man from Chicago yesterday stood outside the doors of a bank in Surrey.

"Crowds of shoppers stood around and watched him. But the young man from Chicago was no Dillinger or public enemy. He was a private of the American Army, stationed somewhere in Surrey.

"Officials from the orderly room were merely passing salary checks for the unit and, as one United States soldier remarked, 'We Yanks take no chances. That's how American forces draw their pay.'

"Throughout the transaction the young soldier stood in a fighting pose outside the bank door. One budge of his index finger, and any hopeful crook would have been plugged. An armed motor van waited outside the door, and under the gaze of the American soldier the money was taken into the van and dispatched to the unit."

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

GUATEMALA

This Guatemalan Airport Has the Tower of Babel Beat

SOMEWHERE IN GUATEMALA — There's an airdrome here that has U. S. and Guatemalan troops based around its tarmac, and everyone is very happy about it. The only thing that separates the two armies is a runway and landing field.

Yanks and Guatemalans run their day on pretty much the same lines. Guards walk their posts more or less alike. Reveille is sounded at approximately the same time, although the Guatemalans throw in drums along with the bugle.

A guy can get confused if he stands on the runway during the morning. On one side he hears leather-lunged Yank sergeants putting their babies through the accepted paces; on the other he hears a Guatemalan *teniente* passing on the things he learned at Guatemala City's Polytechnic Institute. Overhead are airplanes that sound the same in any language. It's noisy, all right.

The maneuvers of the Guatemalan air force are similar to ours, which is not surprising—most Guatemalan pilots are U. S. trained. Planes are always roaring over the volcanic peaks, passing the Indians who are descendants of the once-mighty Mayan empire. It is a strange contrast as they pass—the native to market, bomber to duty.

SGT. BILL WADE
YANK CARRIBEAN CORRESPONDENT

SEND THIS HOME TO YOUR FOLKS RIGHT AWAY

REMEMBER, IT TAKES TIME FOR MAIL TO GO PLACES THESE DAYS, AND CHRISTMAS ISN'T FAR OFF. SO HOP TO IT, FELLA. DO IT NOW!

I'd like Yank for Christmas . . .

Here's hoping you send me a subscription to YANK, the OFFICIAL Army newspaper. It only costs 75 cents for six months, or $1.50 for one year.

YANK has everything . . . the weekly lowdown from all the fighting fronts, the latest about Sports, news from Home, as well as plenty of Army gags and cartoons.

You can be sure that a subscription to YANK will be most appreciated.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

ARMY ADDRESS _____

ONLY MEN IN UNIFORM CAN RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO YANK

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This was the week when President Roosevelt completed a secret tour of America, and appointed a Supreme Court justice to stabilize prices, while farmers reported a bumper crop, and two youths were charged with killing their former teacher.

Salvage, Weenies and Oil

No one was more anxious to aid in the three-week nation-wide drive for scrap than the prisoners in the county jail at Great Falls, Mont. They asked permission to remove all bars with hacksaws. The county board of commissioners compromised and donated the hacksaws to the scrap pile.

Truant officers all over the country were busy rounding up youngsters who preferred scrap-hunting to school. Admission to the neighborhood movie was a hunk of junk.

In addition, millions of gimlet-eyed men and women were searching attics and backyards for 17,000,000 tons of scrap in a drive to meet any anticipated steel shortage this Winter.

Although voluntary meat rationing was begun, the Natural Casing Institute wired the Office of Price Administration that the supply of weenies was at an all-time high and the mustard situation well in hand.

A national 35-mile-an-hour limit went into effect.

Oil-heated homes were to be kept at a 65-degree temperature this Winter, except those with small children and sickness. Children must appear before local rationing boards to prove their existence.

During the day William T. Morris, of Oceanside, N. Y., drives a mail truck, but at night he becomes a one-man "factory," turning out hundreds of spokes for ships' steering wheels. Last week the Maritime Commission gave him the coveted "M" award.

Price Stabilization Chief

Associate Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes—everyone calls him Jimmy—stepped down from the bench for a big job with a long title.

Byrnes, a little man with a lot of drive, was named Director of Economic Stabilization. He will carry out President Roosevelt's orders to the War Labor Board to limit wages and salaries, to Price Administrator Henderson to put ceilings on rents and prices, and to Secretary of Agriculture Wickard to limit farm prices to Sept. 15 levels.

With Byrnes at the helm of a board of high Washington officials, labor, business and farm leaders, President Roosevelt foresaw "a substantial stabilization of the cost of living."

President Finds War Industry 95 Per Cent Efficient

The President had traveled 8,754 miles. In two weeks he visited 24 states, had obtained a first-hand picture of America at war.

But not one word of his journey was published or broadcast until the Commander-in-Chief returned to Washington. Traveling under Naval orders, his odyssey was a military secret shared only by the hundreds of thousands who had seen and cheered him on his way.

Back at the White House, the President reported that his 1942 goal of 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns, and 8,000,000 deadweight tons of ships is within 94 or 95 per cent of being met.

He hopes for complete achievement by the end of the year, and said the picture for 1943 is even brighter.

During his unprecedented journey the President saw:

Hundreds of women workers on the job, huge bombers rolling off assembly lines, great tanks coming out of arsenals on their way to the front, Negro "Commando" soldiers on a rain-swept obstacle course, torpedoes being loaded into submarines for foraging in far-away oceans, armed forces training for war or embarking for battle stations, aviation cadets becoming proficient in the art of dealing death, and men who had been wounded in the Aleutians and in the Solomons.

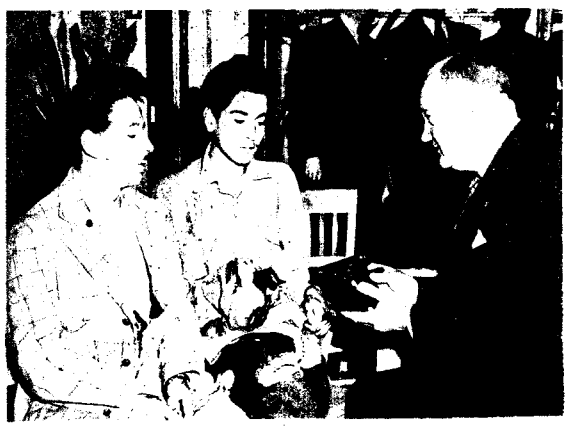
In all, said the President, what he had seen made him proud of his country and its people.

Peggy Johlfs, employe of the Federal Cartridge Corp., Minneapolis, Minn., presents President Roosevelt with a clip of cartridges during the President's inspection of war industries and Army and Navy bases throughout the country.

Skimming The Week

More than 700 Chicagoans, including 60 women, went to the West Coast to help harvest a bumper apple crop in Washington. . . . Nebraska's George W. Norris, 81, announced that after 39 years in Congress he is a candidate for re-election. . . . Screen actor Lyle Talbot enlisted in the Air Force. . . . Rita Hayworth wrote the first of the weekly letters to Cpl. James R. Scott, of Camp Barkeley, Texas, that she will continue for the duration. It is her forfeit for betting Scott the Yanks would win the World Series in four straight games. . . . The mayor of Ashland, O., designated Thursday as "no beefing" day and proclaimed a law against grumbling on that day. . . . Robert T. Bailey, 20-year-old Army deserter, was sentenced to life imprisonment for the rape-murders in Wisconsin of two social workers. . . . Ethel A. Rollinson, of Columbia University, aroused Lana Turner fans. Men in offices don't like girls who wear sweaters, she said, and red nail polish is strictly taboo. . . . Shipyards turned out 93 cargo vessels in September. . . . Ann Sheridan and George Brent decided they'll divorce because of their "diverse careers." Brent is a civilian flying instructor in California. . . . With gold stripes on their blue uniforms for the first time, 120 WAVES were graduated as Navy officers. . . . And the War Production Board ordered all production of whiskey halted—but announced that a 3½-year supply is still on hand.

In New York, Park Commissioner Moses recommended that the Brooklyn-Battery tunnel, now under construction, be discontinued for the duration and its materials turned in to the scrap drive . . . Fifth columnists were suspected when an unknown voice telephoned a soldier's family the news that he'd been killed in an accident. The soldier was located in Fort George G. Meade, hale and hearty . . . The Phoenix (Ariz.) *Republic* has begun a policy of marking all Axis propaganda stories with a super-imposed XX. The double-cross makes the lies easier for readers to identify.



Joseph Annunziata, 19, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and his pal, Neil Simonelli, 16, look at the gun with which they are accused of killing their former teacher, Irwin Goodman, in Gaynor High School because he punished them for smoking in a wash room.

Bumper Crop

One of the most bountiful crops in history now is being harvested by the nation's farmers, and a 15-billion-dollar market is the prospect this Winter. Wages for rural hired hands are at an all-time high.

In addition Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has predicted that a million men will leave the farm for the Army and industry in the year ending July 1, 1943. Result has been a new back-to-the farm movement throughout the country.

Many urban college students were late in starting to classes; they were still at work earning tuition on farm jobs. Several hundred workmen were transported from Mexico to save the sugar-beet crop in the Far West.

Arizona cotton growers appealed to the War Department to allow idle Japanese in relocation camps to go to work in long-staple cotton fields, and thousands of housewives from cities were working 18-hour days in the hot sun in orchards of the Northwest.

Despite all these movements the nation's farmers are still short-handed. Hired men are at a premium, they said, and asked that Washington devise legislative means of insuring enough men for the important war job of harvesting food.

With debate on the multi-billion tax bill almost over, "work or fight" legislation to mobilize the nation's manpower for war industries and for agriculture seemed next on Capitol Hill.

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Little Rock, Ark.—A department store found it had 900 pairs of silk hose in stock, advertised a sale. When the sale opened all the store's entrances were jammed, showcases were broken, four women fainted. The store decided it was unsafe to continue the sale, donated the hosiery to the local Community Chest—which will auction off the stockings.

McKees Rocks, Pa.—In a suit between Mrs. Michael Perschy and her estranged husband a jury decided that wedding presents belong to the bride and that there is no such thing as joint ownership of the gifts.

Seattle, Wash.—Becoming lost while hiking in the Cascades foothills, 28-year-old Dick Benham whistled for help, heard a response and started through a canyon. A sheriff with bloodhounds found him the next day, after he had spent 24 hours following his own echo.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Collecting unused keys as chairman of a salvage drive, Harold Hamilton unintentionally included his own, had to test thousands before he found the one to his front door.

Cincinnati, Ohio—Arrested for having two slot machines in their home, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Carey claimed that they were not gambling devices but savings banks. They got off.

Philadelphia, Pa.—War bond sales at Jay Cook Junior High School skyrocketed 600 per cent when the principal announced that students would be excused from class long enough to make the purchase.

Boise, Idaho—Rural farmers fly red flags on their mail boxes when they have errands to do in town, and the first market-bound truck, the milk-route driver or the mail carrier, stops and takes their orders—saving tires and gasoline.

Providence, R. I.—Because its membership has shrunk from 100 to 27, the State WPA Symphony Orchestra cancelled its winter concert series. Most of the men have joined the Army; the trombonist runs a steam shovel, the first violinist is a welder, the conductor has a job in a shipyard.

St. Louis, Mo.—A blizzard of "green leaf hoppers" swarmed through the streets, making them slippery and unsafe, blinding pedestrians.

Hiawatha, Kans.—Fisherman C. A. Hopp landed a 26-pound 9-ounce blue catfish, ending speculation as to whether there were any large fish in Hiawatha Lake.

Chardon, Ohio—Norman Kalar, who went through the Battle of Midway and is visiting his mother, ran over a porcupine and three quills punctured the tire of his motorcycle.

Erie, Pa.—Twelve years ago Erie floated a $180,000 bond issue with which to purchase a city hall. This week, with $120,000 still due to be paid off, the northeast corner of the city hall annex roof collapsed.

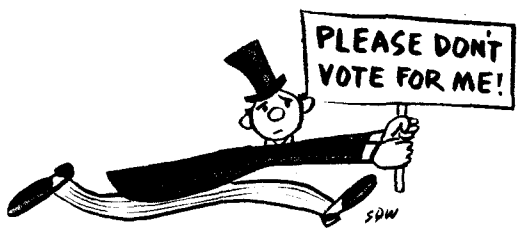
Wabash, Ind.—Truck Driver Orville Richard Babcock went on a three-day $5,000 drunk, "the biggest ever pulled in the state," according to the judge who sent him to the reformatory for from two to 14 years. After drinks with cronies he removed all his clothing except a pair of bed-

room slippers and underwear, went swimming in an ice-cold river. He found an abandoned farmhouse, broke the doors and all the windows, tore the bannister from the stairway, set the barn afire. He caught a black snake and cut its head off, then killed a lamb with a pocket knife. He kicked the windows out of a boathouse, threatened the proprietor with his knife, was setting fire to another cottage when a posse nabbed him.

"Harry's from a very old family. His granddaddy was a goldbrick in the Civil War."

Milwaukee, Wis.—No sentence was imposed on Steven Dostal, charged with speeding, because he was joining the Army immediately. What's more, the court paid him a $4 fee to act as an interpreter for a Slovenian defendant in another case.

Nyack, N. Y.—When an odor made work at the Bear Mountain Trailside Museum impossible, officials brought in a skunk, then followed it as it tracked down the odor. The scent came from rotting meat stored by rats in an adjacent building.



Reno, Nev.—Walter S. Daring, candidate for the Nevada Assembly, is conducting a strong campaign to get his supporters to vote for someone else. He has enlisted in the Navy, and Nevada laws won't let him withdraw as a candidate.

Chicago, Ill.—Francis Abella, a vaudeville actor, told police his 18-months-old prairie wolf, Cayo, had escaped. It resembles a police dog, has a wild look in its eyes, can be appeased quickly by being fed raw meat and apples.

Washington, D. C.—The War Production Board took over control of castor oil, but there will be plenty for medicinal purposes.

"Pass the Ammunition"

Songwriter Frank Loesser, who wrote "Dolores" and "Jingle Jangle Jingle," expanded on the words of the chaplain at Pearl Harbor who dropped his Bible, nailed a Jap and shouted, "I got the so-and-so. Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

By far the most popular of the new war songs, Loesser's words were:

Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition!
Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition!
Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free!

Praise the Lord, and swing into position,
Can't afford to sit around a-wishin',
Praise the Lord, we're all between perdition
And the deep blue sea!

Praise the Lord, we're on a mighty mission!
All aboard! We're not-a-goin' fishin'
Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free!

Consider the case of Pvt. James Taugher of **Fort Sheridan,** Ill., who has just been told regulations prevent his dating the senior hostess. She's his wife. . . . A yardbird at **Fort Logan,** Colo., claims he's the first to receive the new rating PFD—Private For Duration. . . . Sign in a latrine at **Fort Monroe,** Va.: "The rumors emanating from this latrine are not necessarily the opinions of the latrine orderlies."

Heat and dampness at **Camp Hulen,** Texas, caused envelopes to seal themselves. But the men don't throw the empty envelopes away—they turn them over in batches to Pvt. Bob Murray, to let a man get in the last word. His girl friend and he weren't speaking when he enlisted so they continue their silence by sending each other empty envelopes. . . . Soldiers in **Alaska** are being taught to build igloos for winter dwellings. Four men build one in an hour, and it's warmer than a tent.

He Drives a Good Point

Pvt. George Hill, human pincushion and fire eater, entertains the men of **Camp Edwards,** Mass., by piercing both cheeks with a 15-inch wire. They're considering using him as a dummy for bayonet practice.

Sgt. Samuel B. Monroe, platoon leader of a Negro unit at **Fort Bragg,** N. C., sings his cadence-count commands when he drills recruits. His song goes like this:

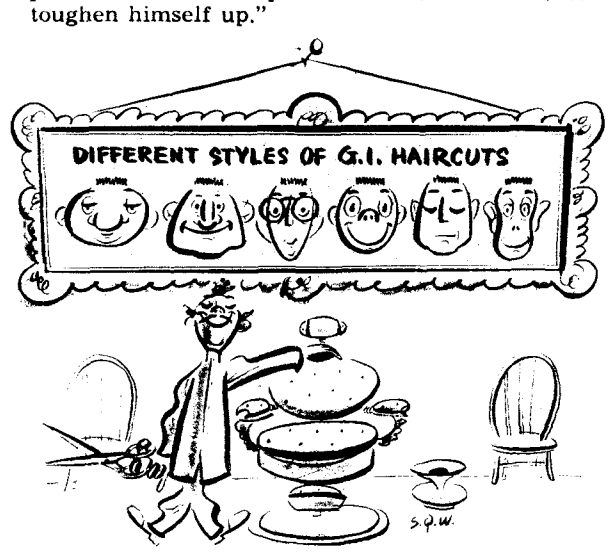
Cover down, cover down,
Head and eyes up off the ground—
Forty inches from back to breast,
Glance to the right and get your dress.
Count cadence, count.

Turning out for reveille recently, Pvt. Leon Ramsey of **Fort Devens,** Mass., tripped and fell, spraining his wrist and ankle and knocking out a tooth. Being assisted to the mess hall he was stung by a bee, and at the table scalded by a pitcher of hot coffee. Pvt. Ramsey is from Cripple Creek, Colo. . . . *The Jungle Mudder,* a **Panama Canal Zone** paper, calls itself "the only United States Newspaper spawned on the Pacific and thrown into the Atlantic in less time than you'd think."

Emir Fuad H. M. Shehab, prince of the Arab Kingdom of Grand Tebnan, is enrolled in the officer candidate school at **Fort Knox,** Ky. . . . KPs at **Santa Ana Air Base,** Calif., are a chesty bunch. They wear new armbands reading "MM"—for mess manager.

Happy Daze for KPs

Howard Klein, famed hypnotist who nearly put the nation to sleep over the radio two years ago, arrived at the Army Reception Center at **New Cumberland,** Pa., as a private. He has the KPs smiling happily while peeling sacks of potatoes. . . . *The Mountaineer,* **Camp Carson,** Colo., swears by this story. A government buyer was in a farmer's barnyard, inspecting a mule. "He looks all right," he said. "Would you mind having him trot around the yard?" The farmer hesitated a moment, then gave the mule a whack, sending him trotting around the yard. The mule made a complete circle and then ran squarely into the side of the barn. Exclaimed the government inspector: "What's the matter? Is that mule blind?" Replied the farmer hastily: "No, he's not blind. He just hopes you're going to buy him for one of the pack outfits at Camp Carson and he wants to toughen himself up."



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Next of Kin

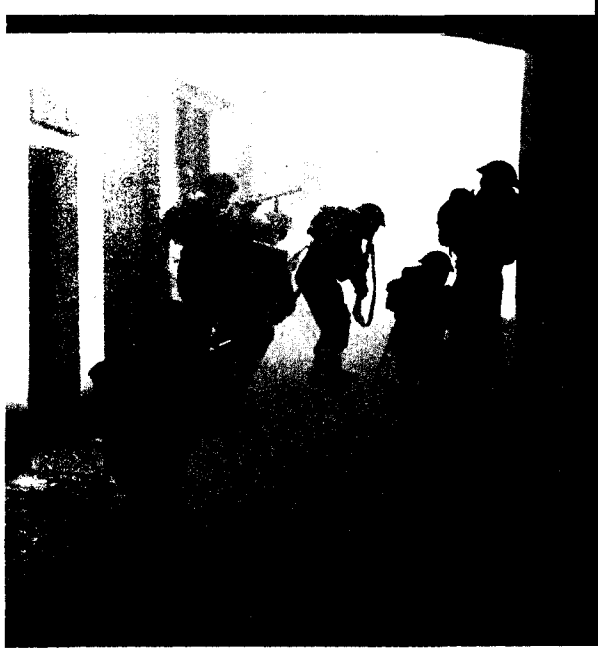
This Movie Is Shown To Every American Soldier in the British Isles.

"NEXT of Kin," a British Government film, gives a dramatic lesson to all those who are tempted to talk too much. From the opening scenes in which a soldier is careless with his tongue, the movie follows the results of a British raid on the French coast. Those loose words killed almost all the raiders, though their objective was accomplished. The lesson is clear: Trust no one, mention nothing, repeat nothing, discuss nothing. In short, keep your mouth shut.

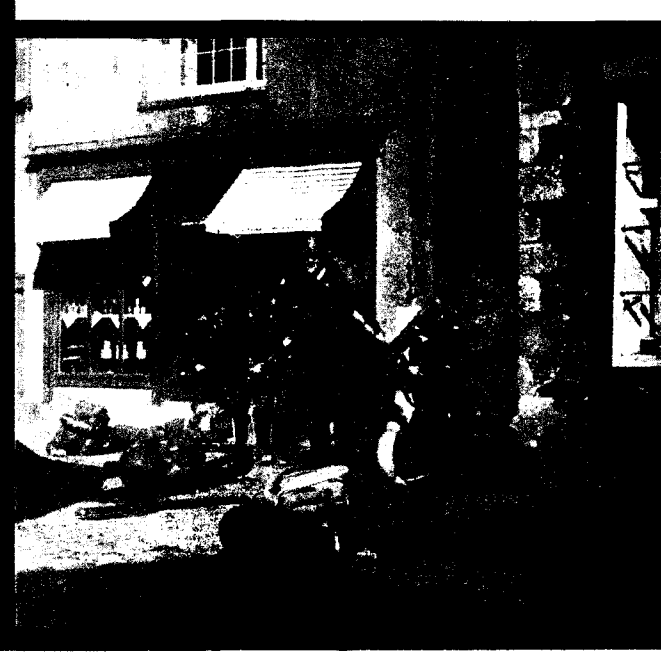
4. But the enemy has been tipped off. The orders have long since gone out to reinforce the garrison, to set a trap. A Nazi officer watches the beginnings of the raid from the hills above the shore. Through his field glasses he can see the unsuspecting victims running into the trap.

5. Something's gone wrong! In amazement the raiders look up from the cliffside and see Nazi dive bombers whining down to the attack, spattering machine-gun bullets where major resistance had not been expected. It was the first hitch in the operations. But no time now to worry about what's wrong. On with the job.

6. In spite of enemy bombers the Tommies keep on and clean up some enemy resistance quickly and efficiently, as they had been trained to do. More Germans, killed the commando way, lie below the walls of the town as the raiders pass the first houses to reach their objectives.



8. The raiders have penetrated the town. Under cover of wide doorways and alleys they fight their way through against increasing enemy resistance. Here a bunch of Tommies give covering fire for their mates who are attacking the main objective. The fight is getting tougher.



9. They're in the trap now; its jaws are sprung. Suddenly German fire pours out from every corner of the town. The gray-green troops come crouching from the houses, running out of the narrow streets and from behind the walls. Outnumbered, the British won't be smashed so easily. German bodies litter the streets.

10. The fight in the town covers the raid's main objective. The charge has been placed, and here a sapper ignites it to blow up the lock gates. It's a tricky work that takes split-second timing, cool nerves and a steady hand. The raid's success depends on it. Seconds to go.

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1. The talk that spelled tragedy. Top: A soldier tells his friend the waitress about his outfit's new training area. To her, an enemy agent, it means special training for a raid. And, below: The soldier trusts his girl, not knowing she'd been threatened into working for the enemy as a spy.

2. The raid gets underway as assault boats land in a cove on enemy territory. British troops jump ashore and spread out, trained to get behind enemy positions swiftly and undetected. They have a mission —to blow up bridges and to destroy submarine-repair docks and lock gates. Every man is eager and confident.

3. The first small resistance is overcome. Here lie four fewer Germans to fight for Hitler. The Tommies run past them from the boats carrying up scaling ladders, rifles, tommy guns and machine guns. The raid is well begun. On paper, the job can be done and done successfully.

7. This soldier was delayed, but not for long. One Nazi may have been a little tougher to finish off than the others but the British boy knew how to take care of the unexpected. Here's where bayonet training came in handy. A quick turn, the vertical butt stroke, a smashed head.

11. It's done! The lock gates blow up and the objective is accomplished. But only a few get back to the boats. It was a success because the raiders knew how to fight, and how to die, but the success was also a tragedy. How many lives for how many words? Will it happen again?

12. The end. He was marked for death when a soldier spoke too many words. It didn't seem much at the time — just a fragment of information, some small facts that seemed unrelated. The words were spoken idly; it seemed to make no difference. But it did make a difference—between life and death. And now, tacked to the end of a news item: "Next of kin have been informed." Six words, meaning that this soldier, and the men who died with him, would never see their green land again, nor take their girls to a show, nor walk down a Summer road. And all because of a few words. We can prevent carelessness from costing lives by remembering that to hold a word may mean to hold a life.

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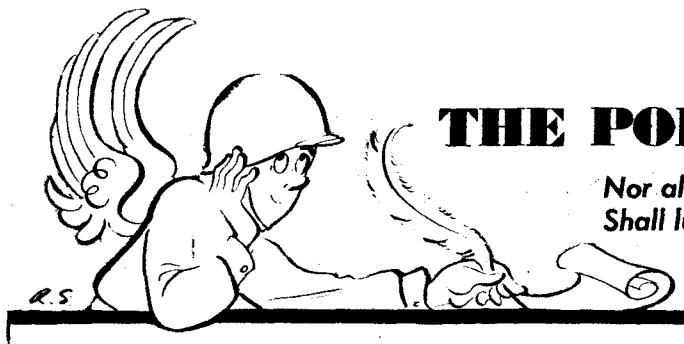

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

IN ANSWER TO "GENEALOGICAL REFLECTION" IN SEPT. 23 YANK

Do MPs have a mother?
A reader yearns to learn,
And we Mps would fair reply,
In cadences that burn.

We all of us have mothers,
Kind souls with hair of gray,
And when we're out on duty
They often kneel to pray.

They pray their sons will manage
Their orders to obey
And not swing out on privates
Who sneer and run away.

They pray their sons will bravely
Bear their bitter cup
And remember when on furlough
Not to beat their mothers up.

Now there's a new MP in training,
A human kind of guy;
He'll help you out of trouble
With ne'er an oath or sigh.

He'll help you solve your problems,
You'll love him, honestly.
And all the while the poor guy yearns
To be in Infantry.

PVT. IRVING CARESS
FORT ONTARIO, N. Y.

MENU FOR TOMORROW (AND THE NEXT DAY)

(Ham and Eggs in Cans Prepared for Army. —Newspaper headline.)

Fried eggs, farewell,
With your rasher of bacon;
You're shot all to hell
Unless I'm mistaken.

For eggs and ham
In a can, like a bomblet,
Means eggs that are scram—
Bled or ham in an omelette.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
FORT TOTTEN, N. Y.

TO A NONCOM I KNOW

The Romans had a word for you—
Three words, I should say,
No single word could comprehend
A noncom, anyway.

They are: *non compos mentis*
(Words which quite embrace
The thing you are)—nuts, insane,
A psychopathic case.

PVT. RALPH E. MARCELLINO
HENDRICKS FIELD, FLA.

TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO THE CHAPLAIN

Take your troubles to the chaplain;
He's the one you want to see.
Take your troubles to the chaplain;
Why bring them all to me?

So you want a 10-day furlough?
Well, here's some advice for you:
Take your request to the chaplain
And see what he can do.

Getting up too early in the morning?
Working too hard all the day?
Why don't you go and see the chaplain
And see what he has to say?

Why can't you stay out every night?
Brother, don't look at me so cross.
Stop in and see the chaplain;
After all, he's the one who's boss.

And Buddy, the one thing to remember
When you're about to die,
Is be sure and see the chaplain
To say a last goodbye.

PVT. WILBUR HOOVER
CAMP GORDON, GA.

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

In the "Mail Call" (YANK, Sept. 16) I read something that fairly made my blood boil. (Good, red American blood, too.) It seems that Pvt. Steve Bayur's education has been sadly neglected and I would like to take this opportunity to enlighten him.

In the first place, Uncle Sam can't possibly place each of us in our favorite branch of the service because one branch would be overcrowded while another would be sadly lacking in personnel. Secondly, only a very small part of the medical department is composed of conscientious objectors. I've been in the medical department for two years and have yet to meet one.

We "Pill Rollers" have a very important job to do in this war and I, for one, would not care to have to work beside anyone with Pvt. Bayur's attitude. If he has such noble ideals about serving his country "at any cost," it seems to me he should be willing to do so cast in the role of an unglamorous, hard-working medical soldier.

Do your job well, Bayur, and you will be rewarded with one of those high ratings.

S/SGT. GEORGE T. MICHOLLE
WALLA WALLA, WASH.

Dear YANK:

In your issue of Sept. 2, it seems that Pfc. Leon Perlsweig, Camp Upton, N. Y., doesn't agree to getting paid twice a month. In the same issue, Pvt. J. W. Moore of Alaska says he would like it, with the rest of the boys in his outfit. Who is this Pfc. Perlsweig? Some relative of J. D. Rockefeller? What percentage of the soldiers have any money left after the second week after payday? It seems that the 250 in my organization think it's a grand idea. It wouldn't mean too much extra work for the payroll section, so they say here.

CPL. M. W. K.

Dear YANK:

In your Sept. 16 issue you had too many men in a picture of a machine-gun squad. When a machine-gun squad is really in action you can rarely see more than two men together at the same time and place. Also one man is shooting from his left shoulder and not taking advantage of his sling.

In such a position one shell from a 60-mm mortar could put them all out of action. If those men who are around the gun are ammo carriers and have no ammo to carry they should be acting as protection on the flanks.

Hope you don't think I am a wise guy. But I had men tell me I was wrong in certain things because of that picture.

CPL. EDWARD KRAKOWER
FORT LEWIS, WASH.

Dear YANK:

Will you let me know in some future issue those three or four reasons why they call soldiers "dogfaces"? As I recall they were pretty good reasons—at least more adequate than the reason for referring to those of us in naval aviation as "airedales."

ARM 2/c T. N. AIKEN
U.S.N.

We wear dog tags, sleep in pup tents, are chow hounds if heavy eaters, and come on the run when whistled at.

Dear YANK:

From somewhere in Canada I am writing you a letter of thankfulness for your inspiring paper. I do not see much about the colored soldiers in our armed forces. I am a member of an Engineer unit somewhere in Canada. Our boys are not bringing down the Jap or German planes nor are they capturing machine guns or men. But believe me they are conquering the forces of nature and doing a marvelous piece of construction work. We want our brothers in service to forget racial divisions and petty prejudices in order that we can make the dear old U. S. A. the most glorious country in the world.

CPL. T. H. WAMACK

Youngest M Sgt. Dept.

Dear YANK:

In your Sept. 23 issue I came across the article claiming Donald J. Bowe to be the youngest master sergeant in the U.S. Army.

With all due credit to Sgt. Bowe I wish to challenge that statement. We have a master sergeant in our division who is only 19 years old. His name is Michael J. Savina and he is assigned to the Adjutant General's Section, Headquarters 4th Motorized Division.

M/Sgt. Savina hails from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where he was born in the small town of Keiser Oct. 2, 1922. Upon graduation from high school in 1940 he volunteered for three years service in the Regular Army and was assigned to duty with the 4th Motorized Division, then stationed at Fort Benning, Ga.

He was appointed sergeant from private first class in January, 1941, staff sergeant in January, 1942, technical sergeant in July, 1942, and on August 20, 1942, was promoted to the grade of master sergeant.

T/SGT. JAMES H. ROBINSON
CAMP GORDON, GA.

Any other guys who can match this?

Words Across the Sea

Pvt. Charles Bacior from Tacoma, Wash., is now touring the country with Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army." He makes with the vocal chords, having previously been an operatic singer, no less. While Bacior was warbling his outfit grew impatient and shoved off for Australia. His old tentmate, Pfc. Bernard Blum of Endicott, N.Y., is there with them and Bacior says: "I want to take this opportunity to say hello, and please give my best to the gang."

LAC Leonard Burton is a British flight mechanic who is now in Canada as an instructor. While he was in Ireland a while back, Burton met Cpl. Archie Terrance of Burbank, Cal. and together they had a bit of a jolly old binge in Belfast. He asks: "How are you behaving yourself? Look after the Irish colleens until I get back—I'm looking out for the American girls for you!"

Cpl. George Garris of Elmira, N.Y., doing recruiting duty, sends his message to Cpl. Hank Newman, of Brooklyn, now in Ireland, with whom Garris served for two years. "Remember the rum bottles and the old 60-mm mortars?" he asks. Here are the details of this hitherto unpublished military secret: stationed together in San Juan, Garris and Newman brought back some rum bottles in the muzzles of the outfit's mortars.

SK 3/c Bernard B. Estey is now a member of the crew of the USS Denebola, a destroyer tender. Prior to this, he was an accountant in Springfield, Ill. Estey sends greetings to Pfc. Edwin Crotto of Keene, N. H., who is now somewhere in Australia, as the saying goes. "Saw your mother about a month ago and everything's okay. Haven't heard from your brother and don't know where he is."

S/Sgt. Dan Danlovich of Detroit is now an instructor in motorcycle maintenance at Fort Benning, Ga. He should be: in peace time he worked at Harley-Davidson. Dan sends greetings to another Detroiter, Cpl. Larry Grimes, Australia. "Got a letter from your girl" (oh oh). ". . . and so did my wife." (That's better). "The family's been getting your mail okay."

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ITEMS . . .

Light-Fingered Dean

The Quislings have been replacing the dignitaries of the true Norwegian church with Nazi stooges. According to the Swedish press, the new dean in Gudbrandsdaln was guilty in 1931 of housebreaking and the theft of a handbag, clothes and gems worth about 1,000 kroner.

True Confessions?

A German-language BBC broadcast to Europe reported that a woman worker in Northwestern Germany has been dismissed from her factory job because she preferred to read a "cheap love story" during a Fuehrer speech.

Red Hot Mom

In the forests of New Guinea the Japs have tried to trap Australians by calling to them in English. Trouble is the Japs have a faulty knowledge of English, saying such things as "Good morning, Joe," in the middle of the night. One Japanese made a fatal error when he tried to lure an Australian patrol by inquiring, "How are you, Mom?"

Iron Bars a Hatchet Make

Loyal Dutchmen in the Netherlands all look forward to "Hatchet Day," the day of reckoning when they expect to go to the fields where they all have buried hatchets, dig them up and use them on the Nazis. The story goes that a Hollander who really needed a hatchet went into a hardware store and asked the proprietor to sell him a hatchet. "I'm all out of hatchets," said the merchant, displaying a long, iron bar, "but won't this do instead?"

Napoleon Joins Fighting French

On the British island of St. Helena in the South Atlantic is a bit of French territory—the house and grounds where Napoleon lived out his exile. The caretaker, Georges Collin, has been an employe of the French Government—and since 1940 an employe of Vichy. Recently M. Collin repudiated the "traitors" of Vichy, putting himself under the banner of Fighting France.

Hitler and God

A Nazified version of the Bible has been prepared for Christmas sale in Germany, according to the London *Daily Sketch*. Only illustration in the new Bible will be a full-page portrait of Hitler.

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Ralph Stein. 2, left, Sgt. Dave Breger; right, PA. 3, PA. 4-5, Pvt. Ben Schnall. 6, top right, WW; top left and bottom right, PA. 7, U.S. Sig. Corps. 8, left, Acme; right, INP. 9, left, Wm. Hand for Three Lions; right, Acme. 10, left and right, INP; center, Acme. 12-13, British Government. 14, YANK Staff. 18, 20th Cent.-Fox. 19, top left, PA; center left, RKO Pix; bottom left, Warner Bros.; top and bottom right, Pvt. Schnall. 21, Acme. 22, Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 23, top, Acme; bottom, Sgt. Bushemi.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

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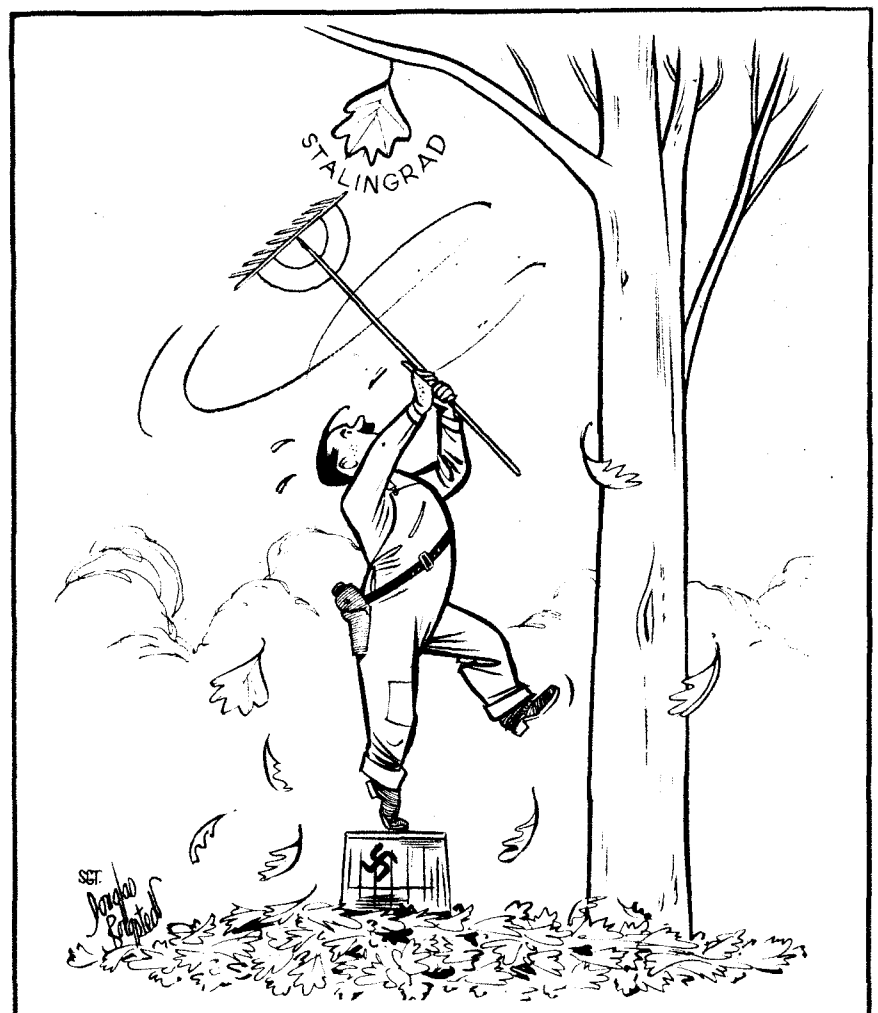
By the men . . for the men in the service



THE LEAF THAT WON'T FALL!

STRICTLY G. I.

You Name It, They Buy It . . .

Even if you don't name it, they'll try to buy it—they, in this case, being Shopping Service For The Armed Forces, a tidy organization out to help us purchase everything from a package of our favorite razor blades to a brace of orchids for the girl back home. Shopping Service has been set up with the sanction of the government to help solve both soldier and civilian-to-soldier gift problems. No service fee is charged. If you want to send a present to your mother or to a buddy on the other side of the world, simply enclose money covering the cost of the gift with instructions and mail to Shopping Service For The Armed Forces, 640 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Shopping Service will buy whatever you want wherever you tell them to buy it. If you're in Iceland or South Carolina and want to send your wife a handbag from Nieman-Marcus in Dallas, Texas, Nieman-Marcus is where Shopping Service will buy the bag. If you don't know just what you want to send the wife, girl, mother or friend, Shopping Service will make a selection for you within whatever financial limits you set. You can order goods C.O.D. inside the U.S. Outside, it's necessarily cash on the line, but Shopping Service will accept any United Nations currency and will turn British shillings into U.S. gadgets.

It's a confidential service. Nobody will find out how much you paid for what or what you sent to whom. Soldiers, sailors, marines and merchant seamen all may make free use of it.

What the Traffic Will Bear

Tying in with the above are U.S. Postal specifications on what can and can't be sent to and from soldiers. In the U.S., matters are fairly simple. If you want to send large and ornate objects home or want home to send them to you, okay. The Post Office is game as long as they fit ordinary P.O. regulations.

Abroad it's a different thing and you might as well warn the home folks. Men overseas are permitted only one package from any one person in any one week. Aunt Agatha, Cousin Ruth, Sister Sue and red-headed Mayme can each send you a package a week, but no one of them can double up and send two within the same week. Packages may not exceed 11 pounds and must not measure over 42 inches in length and width combined. Perishable foods may be sent overseas, but only if packed in hermetically sealed containers. And that's enough Mail Call for this week.

What's A Triptych?

They're called triptychs. But don't let that throw you. It's just a fancy name for new portable altar pieces which may soon be used to dress up your chapel services, whether they're held in bivouac, barracks or on a troopship.

Forty-one of the pieces are already in use at various U.S. camps and outposts, while 12 others are seeing active duty at devotions on Navy warships.

Created especially for the armed forces by leading American artists, each triptych consists of three folding panels on which symbolic designs are utilized to ornament a painting of a religious subject. For the Army, the panels are made of warp-proof plywood; for the Navy, steel. When the two outer panels are folded on special protective moulding, the altar piece is small, compact, easily carried. Designed for service in the field, backs and edges are painted O.D.

Your chaplain may request one by writing direct to the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th Street, New York City. He may describe the subject he wants incorporated into the painting, and may suggest the manner of its treatment. One of a score of the committee's artists will then be assigned to execute the painting. Triptychs will be sent to U. S. outfits at home and overseas as fast as the orders of the chaplains can be filled.

Those produced so far have emphasized in bold lines and strong colors the militant and triumphant aspects of religion. Hailed by top critics as "important works of art," the value of several has been fixed as high as $5,000.

Execution costs are defrayed by the Citizens Committee, which retains ownership of the pieces. After the war, they will be given to churches back home which need them.

At least one chaplain has reported from a U.S. outpost that attendance at his chapel services has doubled since the altar piece was first used.

"They're beautiful," he said, "and all the men here are very much impressed with them.

"Even our topkick, a gusty fellow, whom I can never somehow persuade to attend chapel, admitted they were impressive. On seeing them for the first time, his jaw dropped, and he said to me, 'Sir, they're the nuts.' "

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YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

London: Sgt. Robert Moora, Inf.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
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Marines: Plat. Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Yeo. 3-c. Robert L. Schwartz.

Officer in Charge, Lt. Col. Egbert White; Business Manager, Major Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Lt. Sam Humphfus.

EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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BETWEEN the LINES

The Cog Named Jno

Let us sing the loud hosanna this week for Cpl. John Holcomb, who rose upon the fountain of a mother's bitter tears to become a vital cog in the war effort.

How sweet the name, John Holcomb! His mother thought it was a pretty name. So did his father. So did John for that matter. But he always signed himself "Jno Holcomb" and he answered the telephone with "This is H-comb speaking."

John (or Jno) was funny that way. The beauty of words meant nothing to him. He would begin letters with "Yrs of the 17th inst recd" and proceed from there to further massacre the stately English tongue.

But Jno certainly went for the double-talk. He would come home after a hard day at the pool parlor and sniff the kitchen air. "Halsom, gerp!" he would shout merrily to his mother. "What's frallig on the rollisbrag?" His mother fearful for his sanity, would burst into tears and sadly fetch out the hamhocks and cabbage for his supper.

"Oh boy," he would scream, "H-hocks!" Then, when his mother launched a new freshet of tears, he would sigh wearily. "It's more gonnish than the frillishfross," he would say. "What the kaniff-siff is the willig?"

When Jno was drafted into the Army, his mother and father both felt sure that the Army would take all of this foolishness out of their Jno (or John).

We wish we could report it did.

When the company commander put out a little questionnaire for his new men, he took one look at Jno's answers and told the top sergeant, "The Army needs a man like H-comb!"

Now Jno holds an inconspicuous but vital position in the high councils of the military. It is his particular genius that figures out the abbreviations to be used in military correspondence. He sits at a desk all day and dreams up such things as "PAC AR 000-000, following named EM are trfd in gr" and "IGF meals for the EM will be furn on party meal tickets."

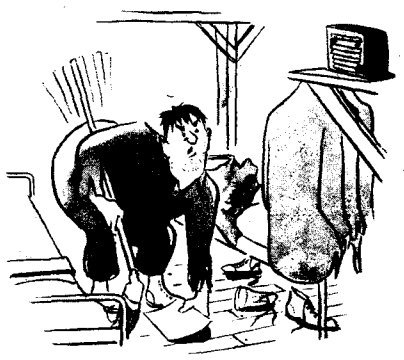
Although Jno H-comb was trfd in gr of pvt, his great works caused him soon to be prom to the gr of cpl and he is one of the most valuable EM in the WD.

Jno H-comb is certainly a VC in the WE.

CPL. MARION H-GROVE

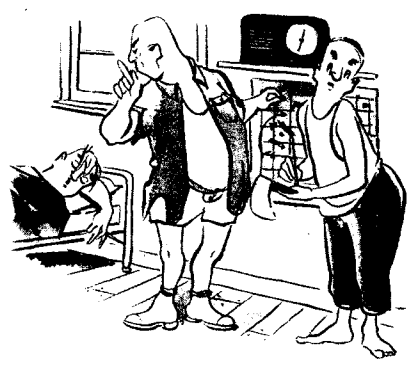
"It isn't necessary to worry about traffic signals now, Dinsmore!"

G. I. LISTENER-INNERS — By Sgt. Frank Brandt

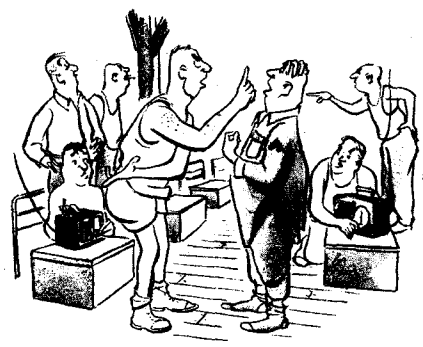


Early morning program and a cheerful voice that breaks in with: "It's now exactly 6:23½." Not a very comforting thought when there's still a floor to sweep, three pairs of shoes to shine and one face badly in need of shearing.

The tight little intellectual group being uplifted till it kills you. That trance-like effect is designed to make their superior culture apparent to everyone. They simply have no use for people who like music just because it sounds nice.



The news addicts who dote on commentators with those confidential voices. Demand absolute quiet so they can hear in detail the eleventh different version of the same story. Just live for their war map with all its colored pins.



Nightly argument between devotees of the "Itty Bitty Soap Flakes" hour and followers of the "Riddle Me Thus" program. Generally winds up in a draw. Nobody knows what's playing but there's plenty of harsh words and injured feelings.

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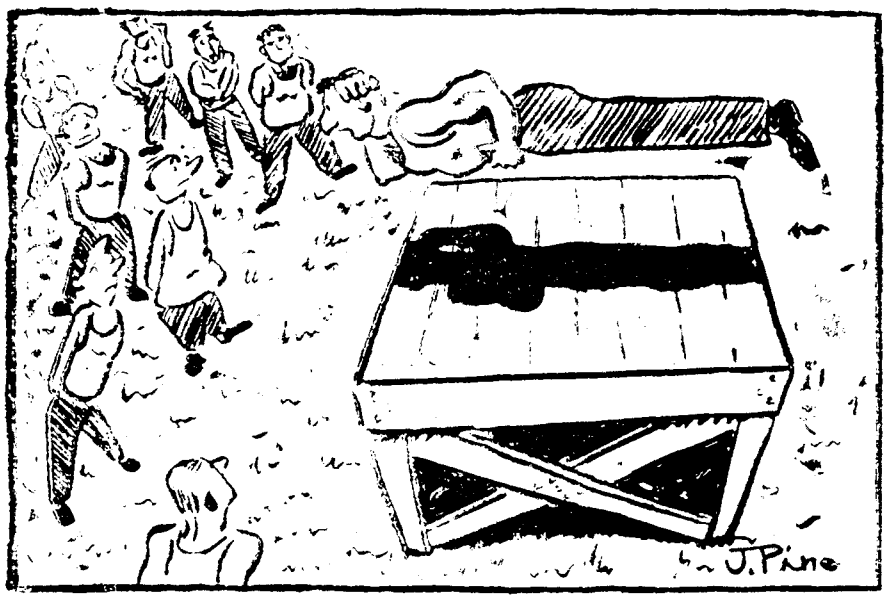
This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Newspaper, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If for some reason we can't use your stuff, you will get a de luxe rejection slip which would make a dog forget to scratch—or to chase another dog.



"Next exercise. Pick yourself up. Right hand on head. Left hand grasping stomach. Done in four counts."

CAMP HULEN (TEX.) *Searchlight*

Pvt. Pepys' Diary

MONDAY. Up betimes. Dressing, did compose a topical jingle which pleaseth me greatly:

Would I were a noisy bird
O'er Hitler's head high flying,
To drop a pungent token
Forgetting that I am house-broken.

Did feel happy about it until I did recall my appointed visit to the post's dental clinic where a white-smocked sadist is determined to return me to the toothless state of mine infancy. Pondering, did remember history's most caustic headline, "White Girl Marries Dentist." Still, the extracting lieutenant undoubtedly views my neglected molars with reciprocal distaste. Yet we do not call the whole thing off. I have the teeth and he has the authority; soon he will have the teeth and I—will have oatmeal for dinner.

TUESDAY. Did arise belatedly and bloodily, sleepily casting unreasonable aspersions upon the parentage of mine dentist. My exploring doth tell me sadly that I am six teeth closer to a lower plate. Later did drill with little gusto and less concentration, my distracted mind being in my mouth and not on the inept facings of my G.I. shoes, albeit concluding that the primary requisite for a drill instructor be that he speaks no English. My misinterpretation of many of the commands doth leave me facing the man in front of me who doth invariably look at me with one of those fancy-meeting-you-here attitudes. The main objection to this course is that the sergeant too doth take a perverse interest in the direction I face. "Dammit face east with the others or do double time by yourself," he is eager to tell me.

WEDNESDAY. A merciless whistle, penetrating the darkness, did remind me that today I am to prove officially that I do shoot off my mouth with greater skill than I do my gun. After the first hour did conclude woefully that the greater part of Maggie's wardrobe is made up of very scarlet lingerie. Yet she wore none of them and spent the day flaunting them on the end of a pole before my innocent eyes. Did learn that my score was lower than friends of the Axis. Did survive the day without mishap or applause, my love of animals not permitting my mutilation of any poor little bull's eye. Other soldiers less merciful did fall in groups smugly comparing scores, leaving me to my thoughts. And so woefully to bed.

PVT. JAMES J. O'CONNELL
CAMP BLANDING, FLA.

Question

Here are the thoughts of First Sergeant Foster
While working on his duty roster:
"What can I do with Private Zee?
Cook won't have him on KP
He is such a mess.
Should I send him to OCS?"

PVT. WILLIAM C. BAKER
CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA.

Soldier's Date

The young soldier and the town girl were sitting on the divan in the latter's parlor. The lights were out but that didn't prevent one's hearing their conversation, which went something like this:

"It's pretty near 8 o'clock. What shall we do tonight?"

"We might stay here?"

"No, I'm sick of that. Any dances going on?"

"No, not tonight. We could take a ride—if we had any gas."

"Well, I guess it looks like the movies."

"Yes . . . if . . ."

"If what?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, if I have enough money to afford it."

"You must be terribly broke."

"I usually am. However, I'll look over my resources. Please don't be mad if I haven't enough. You understand how it is."

"Of course. Turn on the light and count your shekels."

The light came on and the counting took place. "Thirty-five, 45, 55, 58, 59, 60. Hooray. I can afford two seats!" exclaimed the belle. "Hurry up, Frank, and get your cap; I'd have been terribly embarrassed if I couldn't have taken you."

C. A. (BRITISH COLUMBIA) *Rookie*

THE BROOKLYN SIDE

(Editor's Note: This short story, the first fiction to be published in YANK, was submitted by S/Sgt. L. G. Gebhard of Alaska, who offers it as "one of the best reasons for not allowing the enlisted man any time off while in foreign service." YANK will welcome other short stories from soldiers.)

IGGY wasn't born a crook because God ain't that sore at anybody, specially when you're born. But there couldn't been much time between that day and the day Iggy started in the bookmakin' racket. No more than 17 or 18 years I guess. And there he was just a few years later. By there I mean walkin' across the bridge to the Brooklyn side, all by his lonesome.

I don't for the life of me know why in hell he was goin' to Brooklyn or why he walks over the bridge when he could've taken the subway for a nickel. But today he is a new Iggy and is keepin' his resolution to lead a better life.

I don't believe this malarky myself and the real reason he is so nice to everyone is that he is afraid of what might happen if he don't watch his step. The cops have been workin' on him with that Frisco Freddie shootin' investigation and I think Iggy's just a little bit punchy. Not bad enough for the jolly house but he oughta take a long rest in the country.

I don't get all the details of the mess but it seems that Iggy stood close by Big Benny when Benny put a coupla slugs into another hood named Frisco Freddie. Frisco and Benny were never very chummy and the only guy that don't know this is the blind guy on the corner of 47th and Broadway; he never sees anything anyhow.

Iggy did see the fireworks though and when the cops finally drag Iggy in as a witness, he looks like one of those "before and after" ads. And he ain't the "after." Being gently reminded of his own record scared the hell outa him and I guess that is what led him to spill the story of Benny and Freddie and the shootin'. So Iggy goes free and Big Benny goes up the river for 99 years.

That is why Iggy's so careful these days, but that still doesn't explain why Iggy is on his way to Brooklyn. He loves the birds and the bees. Also blondes. Especially the blondes. But he swears to everyone that from this day on he's goin' to lead the life of one right guy.

It's windy on the bridge this certain afternoon and Iggy's got his hat down low over his eyes so he doesn't see this old guy in overalls climbing up onto the railin'. With no good reason Iggy suddenly looks up and spots this bird. There for a second Iggy is too excited to move but a moment later he's double timin' it over the rail and makes a dive for the old man's ankles.

Iggy never was much at judging space or distance and grabs this old guy around the belly and they both come near goin' into the drink. It takes all of Iggy's strength to finally bring the guy in the overalls back onto the bridge and then the fun commences. You would think this old duck would be grateful for after all, Iggy risked his own neck, but instead he lets out a line of swearin' that makes Tobacco Road look like Sunday School Street.

Iggy is dumbfounded. I can almost hear Iggy sayin' to himself, "What is this? Here I save this dope's neck and now he's beefin'." With all the noise and rumpus, Brannigan, the cop, comes gallopin' up, puffin' like a bellows. "What's comin' off here?" he wants to know.

At this Iggy runs like hell. The whole thing is over in a second. "Hey, come back here you!" yells the cop. But Iggy is in Jamaica by this time. Cripes, did he scoot.

The old guy is dustin' himself off and is rubbin' a lump on his head, what if he had two of, he would look like a sweater girl layin' on the beach.

"Did that creep hurt ya any?" asked the cop as I started moseyin' along. I could hardly make out the old man's answer. "Damn these good Samaritans," he was mumblin', "why the hell don't they leave a guy alone? All I was doin' was tryin' to fix that there electric wire," pointin' to an open end of cable, "when along comes . . ."

I missed the rest.

This is YANK'S own canteen, though its spirits are higher than the usual PX 3.2. Fatigue clothes go okay here; you're welcome even if you're a yardbird with a target painted on your back. Spend your nights in the guardhouse writing and drawing for YANK. Your subject matter does not need to be the Army. You can write about anything printable. So sound off. Make us know it. Address The Post Exchange, care of YANK.

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If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

NEW ARMY ADDRESS _____

JASPER JEEP — **Cpl. William Newcombe, AFRTC, Fort Knox, Ky.**

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MUSIC. Glenn Miller's orchestra has folded completely as a result of Miller's sudden announcement that he had accepted a captaincy in the Army. His trombones have gone to Charlie Spivak, most of his men to their draft boards, and Glenn himself to Omaha for work in Special Service. . . . In the first induction of a dance band into any branch of the service, the Navy has taken Clyde (Sugar Blues) McCoy and his whole outfit right into its midst. McCoy was made a CPO and his men were made first class petty officers. Even his four female vocalists were given civil service jobs with the Navy: they'll work in canteens and service stores during the day and sing at night. McCoy leads two 15-piece dance bands and a 60-piece brass band. . . . The hardest girl to find for an all-girl ork is a tuba player, so Phil Spitalny considered himself lucky that one of his sax players could also toot a tuba. His regular oompah artist married an ensign she met when the band played the USS North Carolina.

Glenn Miller

RECORDS. Here are the ten most-played jukebox records in the country: 1. "Be Careful, It's My Heart"; 2. "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle"; 3. "Gal In Kalamazoo"; 4. "He Wears A Pair of Silver Wings"; 5. "Take Me"; 6. "Strictly Instrumental"; 7. "Amen"; 8. "Stage Door Canteen"; 9. "Idaho"; 10. "My Devotion."

Simone Simon

HOLLYWOOD. Winston Churchill's life story will be brought to the screen by Warner Bros. . . . George Raft is dating Simone Simon. . . . Olivia De Havilland has poison ivy. . . . Rosalind Russell has accepted an invitation to be the house guest of Sister Kenny and learn all about the woman whose life she is to portray on the screen. Sister Kenny is the Australian nurse whose infantile paralysis treatment has astounded medical science. . . . Hollywood, with its male ranks depleted by enlistments, hopes the Army will adopt the English system and grant stars furloughs on a one-picture basis. Meantime, it's a great year for new actresses to climb sky-high in a hurry. . . . "Tales of Manhattan," a new movie about a dress suit and the various men who wear it, has 44 stars and featured players in it. . . . Greer Garson is the latest movie actress to collapse after a bond-selling tour. She made 40 appearances in 12 days despite a case of the flu. . . . 20th Century-Fox will do a flicker on Ensign Gay and Torpedo Squadron No. 8. . . . Ida Lupino misses hubby Lt. Louis Hayward so much that she smokes his pipes when no one's looking.

Olivia De Havilland

BROADWAY. Units of stage and night-club entertainers are going overseas. Some have left already and big names, so far lacking, will begin the trek within a month. . . . After 7½ years on, then 16 months off, "Tobacco Road" is back on Broadway. John Barton as Jeeter Lester is the sixth man to play the role. . . . Fall plays are mostly escapist; there are only two serious war plays but plenty of men (and women) in uniform appear in the new comedies.

Brenda Joyce

The charming young lady on the opposite page fills a bathing suit so well because she used to be a model before she was drafted by Hollywood. If the weather's a bit chilly where you are when you look at Brenda, don't worry about her health. It was warm when she posed for this.

SHE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER, PLUS

Patricia Morison hung up the phone.

"That was the wife of a soldier I met in Ireland," she said. "Dozens of American boys gave me numbers to call in this country. It's a big job, but it's worth it."

Patricia had just flown back from England where, with Merle Oberon, Al Jolson, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins, she spent a month touring Army camps with the first group of movie stars representing the USO, giving two or three shows daily from the backs of trucks or any convenient spot. Driving 200 miles a day was the rule rather than the exception, and Patricia says she wouldn't have missed it for the Academy Award.

Originally a New Yorker, Patricia was taken to London at an early age by her parents, once British subjects. Her father was with the British Army in the last war, was wounded in France. Her mother was the first woman to speak in the House of Commons. Subject: Demobilization of British women war workers. Now parents and daughter live in Santa Monica, Calif.

England kept Patricia busy. To their parents she reported on the good health of two youthful cousins whom she brought over here two years ago. She watched American parachutists practice jumps and was there when one landed parachutist pulled out of his pocket the first parachuting hedgehog in history, a small one named Oscar. She ran into what seemed to be half of Brooklyn. She was much impressed by the way the British were taking to Yank troops.

When she finishes calling all the phone numbers she received abroad, Patricia will go to Hollywood for a new picture, "Heart Of The City" (Columbia).

Patricia Morison

U. S. Swing Mows 'Em Down Down Under

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA — You could have lighted up a blacked-out inkwell with the radiant smiles on the faces of the American swing band that's jiving its way to fame in Australia when, at a mail call, they received the 57 new jazz arrangements air-mailed to them by YANK after being contributed by Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman and other band leaders. Sent as a result of an appeal for new numbers originally cabled to the States by two war correspondents, the music includes priceless photostatic copies of original arrangements used by Tommy Dorsey, Claude Thornhill and other top-notch U. S. swing masters.

The band's leader and pianist, Sgt. Bill Walker, walked around in a happy daze, muttering to himself, "Sleeper Jump," "Moonlight Cocktail," "Dolimite," "Tin Roof Blues" and other song titles which most American soldiers down under have never heard of. Before 24 hours had elapsed, 14 jazz-hungry musicians were poring over the new arrangements and had a couple memorized.

For the past five months the swing band, unable to buy any modern arrangements in Australia, has been struggling along with the music it took overseas and with the few numbers its members have been able to arrange in their off hours. Every night, the band sets up under the trees in some bivouac area in the woods, and gives out with a couple of hours of solid swing. Once a week it goes to a nearby town and plays at a large dance for soldiers, held in the city hall.

Australian girls seemed a little puzzled by American swing when the band moved in, but they've caught on rapidly. Cpl. Jack Fisher, the band's vocalist, who used to sing with Henry Busse and Bob Chester, attracts such a large crowd of gals whenever he sings "Star Dust" or "Night and Day" that some of his pals suggested he equip his lady fans with elbow pads, to make it easier for them when they're leaning on the bandstand and gazing up at him.

YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Ella Logan, the Little Scotch Lassie with the Classy Chassis

"BROADWAY photographers like it like this," suggested Ella Logan, striking her pose. Ella's on Broadway now, singing swing with a trace of her original Scotch accent in "Show Time." She should know whereof she speaks. We like it that way, too.

"HOLLYWOOD, goes for glamour." Ella draped her furs swooningly about her head and fell back against the wall. Broadway or Hollywood, the skirt is up for the benefit of art students in the back row. Ella's brother is in the RAF.

BUT THIS IS how YANK's photographer posed Mrs. Fred Finkelhoffe (Ella's married to the co-author of "Brother Rat"). Fed up with corn, our man clicked his shutter for the third time to show you what the little slug of Scotch really looks like.

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THE PX

Prepared by Sgt. Frank Brandt
Xecuted by Sgt. Ralph Stein

The salesgirl with the shapely full-length profile mows down all sales resistance.

"Myself, I've been in line since Gettysburg."

LET us now investigate the PX: night-club department-store mecca of every true G.I. That show place of girlie books, beer, writing paper, saddle soap, beer, phone booths —and girlie books. Home of everything needed to help us forget the first sergeant, the first cook and the first time back from a 20-mile hike.

The Army's best muscle builder is to mention you're off to the PX.

Most people look upon the PX as a rather modern institution, something akin to the Kiwanis Club or Elks. However, YANK's Department of Archaeology reports that it really goes back to the time of the Greeks, when a guy named Phidias met a guy named Xerxes and they started a restaurant. (Here also started the old axiom that when Greek meets Greek they start a restaurant, but we see no connection ourselves.) Later, when the boys were drafted, they set up a camp restaurant using as a title the first letters of their names, P and X. It was under this trade mark that they sold clam chowder at the battle of Thermopylae and first went down in military history.

From that humble beginning, centuries of study have been able to situate PX so they would always be either too far away or else much too near. In Winter they are just the right distance to give you a nice case of frostbite, yet in Summer close enough for you to hear the juke box blaring and the beer bottles gurgling. (Beer, an alcoholic beverage, is sold in certain PXs.)

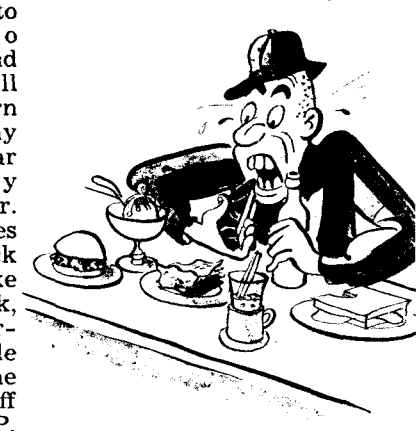
On the outside, a PX looks like any other G.I. building except for assorted soldiers rushing up the steps with set looks meaning only one thing. Pass the can opener, please. Inside, it looks like either an intimate night club or the Seattle Ferry Terminal. When you dash over to ask someone is this an intimate night club or the Seattle Ferry Terminal, he gives you a dirty look.

No matter what you'd like to buy in the PX, you'll find at least half a regiment of guys who had the same idea before you, all just as loud and just as much in a hurry. For certain obscure reasons, PX customers give the impression they've just 20 seconds more to live and they intend to make the most of it. It takes a sharp elbow and a voice like a brass band to get within even smirking distance of the cutey behind the counter.

As for phoning, don't make us laugh! We stood in line two hours before noticing father up ahead, waiting since the last war to find out if we were born yet.

Possibly the surest sign of a rookie is for him to mention even in the slightest whisper that he's going to the PX. At that instant, every soldier, no matter what his condition, whips around and reels off a list of goodies ranging from butts to buttermilk. Even the sleeping beauties at the other end of the squad room will rise up as if the whisper had been a blast from Gabriel's trumpet. The rookie, trying desperately to remember who wants what and for how much, will invariably return minus the Crunchy Munchy candy bar he originally started out for. After a few times of coming back loaded down like a delivery truck, he'll sneak furtively out the side door giving the impression he's off to a session of KP.

Hey! Anybody want anything from the PX?



It's the soldier's refuge when cookie serves up SOS.

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NotreDame, Texas, Fordham, Duke Busted From Undefeated Ratings

NEW YORK—From coast to coast, the landscape is littered with fallen football favorites.

The college campaign was only two weeks old when a dozen or more pre-season choices have been slapped into the also-ran roster. And just gaze upon the awesome array of victims. Among the humbled are Notre Dame, Fordham, Texas, Cornell, Duke, Stanford, California, Oregon and Tulane. Rarely, if ever, have gridiron underdogs risen triumphantly in such numbers and so early.

Here are thumbnail accounts of the general debacle, which completely scrambled the nation's collegiate prospectus:

Notre Dame—In past years the popular chant was: "Who can stop the Irish?" Today it's: "When will the Irish win a game?" Held to a tie by Wisconsin in their opener, the Irish tried again and were flattened by Georgia Tech, 13-6. Ralph Plaster plunged for the first Tech score with Clint Castleberry passing to Pat McHugh for the second. Tom Creighton tallied for N.D.

Tennessee — A strong comeback may ease the pain, but Fordham's Rams never can forget that 40-14 pasting from the Tennessee Volunteers. It was their worst defeat since the Rams went big time. Trailing 7-0 after Steve Filipowicz cashed in a pass interception, the Vols exploded two touchdowns in each of the second, third and fourth periods. Scorers were: Lawrence Zontini (2), Walt Slater, Bud Hubbell, Bill Hillman and Rudy Long.

Princeton—No matter what transpires now, Williams' gridiron season is a glorious success. A 19-7 conquest of Princeton—the first Williams victory in the 40-year series—is assurance of that. The Tigers led at the half, 7-6, but Williams crashed across twice in the third frame.

Northwestern — Texans now bemoan the fact they didn't save a few of those 100-odd points they tallied in their first two games. That way they might have rimmed Northwestern, instead of being shut out, 3-0. A 19-yard final-period field goal by Al Pick, sub guard, doomed Texas.

Pittsburgh — Add Pittsburgh to your list of upset artists. The Panthers astounded even themselves by toppling Southern Methodist, 20-7. Sparked by Bill Dutton, who scored first to climax a 93-yard drive, Pittsburgh clinched the contest with third-period scores by Frank Saska and Tony Dimatteo.

Oregon State — The Rose Bowl kings are still wearing the royal purple. California discovered this while losing to Oregon State, 13-8. Everett Smith's half-yard touchdown plunge in the last 10 seconds took the Beavers to glory.

Washington—Close, but not close enough. Five times Washington charged inside Southern California's 15-yard mark, only to bog down. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

Colgate—Colgate is celebrating its first football conquest of Cornell since 1919. The count was 18-6. Mike Micka starred for the Red Raiders with two touchdowns, the other going to Bat Batorski. A great opening attack gave Colgate 12 points in 12 minutes and crippled Walt Kretz, Cornell ace.

Penn—Fumbles can beat anybody, as Harvard now realizes. The Crimson bowed to Penn, 19-7, but Crimson miscues set up the first two Penn scores. A pass interception produced the third. Bert Stiff tallied twice and Bill Miller once for the winners, but Harvard's 20-year-old frosh back, John Comeford, was the solo standout.

Duke—Vanished is the Rose Bowl renown that belonged to Duke. The Blue Devils were humiliated by Wake Forest, 20-7—their first such humiliation in 16 years. Johnny Perry and Russ Perry monopolized Wake Forest's scoring.

Auburn—Sitting in the halls of the gridiron mighty is Auburn, which scuttled Tulane, 27-13. It was anybody's game going into the final period, which saw Auburn tally twice on an aerial and line buck following an interception.

GEORGIA TECH UPSETS NOTRE DAME—Bob Livingston (No. 40), Irish halfback, is swamped by a mob of Rambling Wrecks as he tries to crash their line. The Southerners stunned Notre Dame, 13 to 6.

Major League Crowds Drop Off This Season

NEW YORK — If Larry MacPhail wasn't a lieutenant colonel in the Army now, he'd probably hire a radio network, including short wave, and yell: "Hey soldiers, hurry up back, we need you at Ebbets Field."

The beloved Bums even took it on the chin at the box office this season. A total of 127,912 fans who helped root them into the pennant last year stayed away during the current campaign, according to a survey made by the Associated Press.

Attendance in the majors was off approximately 840,000 from last year's figures, or about 8 per cent. The National League drew 4,724,961 fans, compared with 5,069,689 last year, and the American League dropped behind the senior circuit for the first time with 4,685,614 paid admissions against 5,220,519 in 1941. Cleveland, Cincinnati, the Chicago White Sox and Brooklyn showed the greatest drop.

Bierman's Sailors Beat His Old Team

It begins to look as though the talented Navy aviation cadet footballers can wallop anything in sight except each other.

In their latest bid for fame, Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman's Iowa Seahawks invaded Minnesota, their coach's old campus, and nosed the mighty Gophers, 7-6. But the star-laden North Carolina and Georgia Navy Pre-Flight Schools, each with a collegiate victim to its credit, had to be content with a 14-14 standoff.

Minnesota, defending college champion, had won 18 straight until its former coach led the Seahawks into Minneapolis. A point-after-touchdown kick by Fred Gage, following a 36-yard scoring dash by Dick Fisher, meant all the money. Earlier in the first period, Bill Daley put the Gophers ahead with a 54-yard touchdown gallop, but Vic Kulbitski missed his try for point.

A BRAND NEW, EXCITING G.I. COMIC STRIP—FOLLOW IT HERE EVERY WEEK

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SPORTS: CARDINAL VICTORY IS OVER BUT THE MELODY LINGERS ON

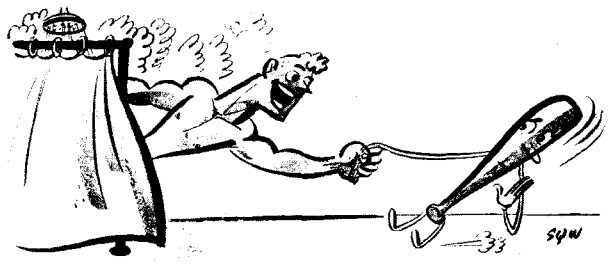
By Sgt. Joe McCarthy

The bookies around St. Louis took one of the worst beatings in history when the Cardinals won the World Series. The high betting commissioners in the East quoted the Yankees as 9 to 5 favorites before the first game and the boys in the West accepted the same odds, as they always do. Naturally, everybody in St. Louis went into hock to raise money to bet on their darlings when they heard that good news and this was one time when the suckers instead of the bookies cleaned up. The squawks from the book makers were loud and pathetic when Whitey Kurowski knocked that famous home run in the final game to win the world championship. "Those price makers in the East always overrate the Yankees," they wailed. "We should have known better than to lay 9 to 5 against a great club like the Cards."

Kurowski took his home run bat right into the shower with him after the last game. Not that the bat needed a washing. It was the only one Kurowski used all during September and he wasn't going to leave it out of his sight for a minute. . . . Lefty Gomez made the only Yankee wisecrack of the series. When it was over, somebody met the Goofy One—who sat on the bench for the five games—and muttered sympathetically, "Tough luck, Lefty." Gomez lifted his eyebrows in surprise and said, "What did I do?"

Series Drives Stengel Crazy

Casey Stengel and Joe DiMaggio both felt that the speed of the Cards gave them a great advantage in Yankee Stadium. They had plenty of room in the outfield to run after and catch long drives from the bats of such sluggers as Keller and DiMag, hits that might have gone into the stands for homers in St. Louis. "This was a crazy series," Professor Stengel



remarked. "Mort Cooper, the best pitcher in the National League, gets belted out in two games and looks terrible. Joe Gordon, the best infielder in baseball, looks worse. The Yankees lose three straight on their own home grounds. Get me out of here before a man in a white coat comes after me with a butterfly net."

Billy Southworth, hailed as a miracle man for beating the Dodgers and the Yankees in two weeks, was out of baseball as a flop, running a grocery business only eight years ago. Then he managed to get a job running the Cardinals farm club at Asheville, went on to Rochester and finally succeeded Ray Blades in the middle of the 1940 season at St. Louis. Southworth might have won last year except for players' injuries.

Incidentally, this St. Louis club is a triumph for Branch Rickey's farm system. Guys like Kurowski, Marion, Hopp, Slaughter, Musial, the Cooper Brothers, Jimmy Brown and the others were all strictly Cardinal chain store products. The whole club didn't cost a dime. No wonder that Rickey, whose $50,000 a year contract won't be renewed next season, isn't worrying about getting another baseball job.

Tonsils Almost Stopped Beazley

Johnny Beazley, the pitching hero of the series with two decisions over the Yankees, was ready to quit baseball in New Orleans two years ago. He used to get a terrific pain in the back every time he let go with his fast ball. But Charles Hurth, the New Orleans business manager, took him to a doctor and had his tonsils removed. From then on he was as fit as a fiddle and ready to give batters a pain.

Defeat of the Yankees was the most severe punishment handed to an American League team in a World Series since 1933 when the Giants socked the

Kurowski, Slaughter and Beazley, St. Louis Cardinals World Series heroes, look very happy.

Senators, four games to one. . . . Fireman Johnny Murphy didn't get in as a relief pitcher for the first time in years. . . . Ernie Bonham, the Yankee who led the team hurlers during the season with a 21-6 standing, was as complete a series flop as Cooper. . . . Charlie Ruffing was magnificent in the first game and Ernie White, the Cardinal rookie, was great in the third game, handing the Yankees their first World Series shutout since 1926.

The series win gave each Cardinal $6,192.50 which is not to be sneezed at because the highest paid man on the team—probably Terry Moore—doesn't make over ten grand per season. The money meant much more to those kids than it did to the well-paid Yankees.

Not Like the Cards of '26

Everybody tried to compare this St. Louis club with the Redbirds of 1926, the last National League team to lick the Yankees. That was the time old Grover Cleveland Alexander came in and struck out Tony Lazzeri to win the crown. Rogers Hornsby, who ran that 1926 team, says that they were far ahead of the present crop of youngsters. It was a different sort of an outfit, mostly veterans, such as Hornsby, Jim Bottomly, Alexander, Jess Haines, Flint Rhem, with only one youngster, the shortstop, Tommy Thevenow. . . . The Dodgers felt good about the Cardinal victory. They figured it made them look better than the Yankees.

St. Louis went wild when word came over the radio of Kurowski's series-winning homer. Factory whistles and boat whistles shrieked and in every tavern, drinks were on the house. Mayor William D. Becker, taking Lord Halifax on a war plant tour, forgot his dignity and danced a jig. Kurowski, by

the way, was unheard of a few months ago but Southworth says the Cardinals didn't start to click until the blond miner from Reading, Pa., went in at third base in August and Brown moved over to Crespi's spot at second.

This New York team didn't look like the Yankees of old. They were tense and cloudy all the way through the five games. The pay-off was when Gordon was caught off second base in the ninth with none out. Joe's batting average for the series was .095. Last year it was .500.

First Game

(At St. Louis)

NEW YORK	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	ST. LOUIS	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.
Rizzuto, ss	4	0	0	2	2	Brown, 2b	4	0	1	1	2
Rolfe, 3b	5	2	2	0	1	T. Moore, cf	4	0	2	1	0
Cull'nbine, rf	3	1	1	1	0	Slaughter, rf	3	0	1	1	0
DiMaggio, cf	5	2	3	3	0	Musial, lf	4	0	0	1	0
Keller, lf	4	0	0	4	0	W. Cooper, c	4	1	1	8	1
Gordon, 2b	5	0	0	2	1	Hopp, 1b	4	0	0	11	1
Dickey, c	4	1	2	9	0	Kurowski, 3b	3	0	0	1	0
Hassett, 1b	4	1	2	5	1	b-Sanders	0	1	0	0	0
Ruffing, p	4	0	1	0	0	Marion, ss	4	1	1	3	2
Chandler, p	0	0	0	1	0	M. Cooper, p	2	0	0	0	1
						a-Walker	0	0	0	0	0
						Lanier, p	1	0	0	0	0
						c-O'Dea	0	0	0	0	1
						d-Crespi	1	0	1	0	0
						Gumbert, p	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	38	7	11	27	5	Totals	34	4	7	27	8

a-Batted for Gumbert in eighth.
b-Batted for Kurowski in ninth.
c-Batted for Lanier in ninth.
d-Ran for O'Dea in ninth.

Score by Innings

New York Yankees	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	3	2	—7
St. Louis Cardinals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—4

Runs batted in—Hassett 2, DiMaggio, Marion 2, O'Dea, T. Moore.

Earned runs—Yankees 3, Cardinals 1.

Three-base hit—Marion. Two-base hits—Cullenbine, Hassett. Errors—Brown, Slaughter, Lanier 2. Left on bases—Yankees 9, Cardinals 9. Struck out—By Ruffing 8, Cooper 7, Lanier 1. Bases on balls—Off Ruffing 6, M. Cooper 3, Lanier 1. Pitching summary—Off Ruffing 5 hits, 1 runs, in 8 2-3 innings; Chandler 2 hits, 0 runs, in 1-3 inning; M. Cooper 10 hits, 5 runs, in 7 2-3 innings; Gumbert 0 hits, no runs, in 1-3 inning; Lanier 1 hit, 2 runs, in 1 inning. Winning pitcher—Ruffing. Losing pitcher—M. Cooper.

Second Game

(At St. Louis)

NEW YORK	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	ST. LOUIS	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.
Rizzuto, ss	4	0	1	0	3	Brown, 2b	3	1	0	0	3
Rolfe, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	T. Moore, cf	3	1	0	2	0
Cull'nbine, rf	4	1	1	2	0	Slaughter, rf	4	1	1	2	1
DiMaggio, cf	4	1	1	7	0	Musial, lf	4	0	1	5	0
Keller, lf	4	1	2	1	0	W. Cooper, c	4	0	1	4	0
Gordon, 2b	4	0	1	0	3	Hopp, 1b	3	1	2	11	0
Dickey, c	4	0	2	5	0	Kurowski, 3b	3	0	1	2	1
a-Stainback	0	0	0	0	0	Marion, ss	3	0	0	1	4
Hassett, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	Beazley, p	3	0	0	0	0
Bonham, p	2	0	0	0	0						
b-Ruffing	1	0	0	0	0	Totals	30	4	6	27	9
Totals	35	3	10	21	8						

a-Ran for Dickey in ninth.
b-Batted for Bonham in ninth.

Score by Innings

New York Yankees	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—3
St. Louis Cardinals	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—4

Errors—Rizzuto, Hassett.

Runs batted in—DiMaggio, Keller 2, Musial, W. Cooper 2, Kurowski. Home run—Keller. Three-base hit—Kurowski. Two-base hits—Rolfe, Gordon, W. Cooper. Sacrifice—T. Moore. Double play—Brown, Marion and Hopp. Left on bases—Yankees 7, Cardinals 4. Bases on balls—Off Beazley 2, Bonham 1. Struck out—By Beazley 4, Bonham 3.

Third Game

(At New York)

ST. LOUIS	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	NEW YORK	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.
Brown, 2b	4	1	1	1	2	Rizzuto, ss	4	0	2	2	6
Moore, cf	4	0	0	3	0	Hassett, 1b	1	0	0	1	0
Slaughter, rf	4	0	1	3	0	Crosetti, 3b	3	0	0	1	1
Musial, lf	3	0	1	2	0	Cullenbine, rf	4	0	1	0	0
W. Cooper, c	4	0	0	8	0	DiMaggio, cf	4	0	2	2	0
Hopp, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	Gordon, 2b	4	0	0	3	3
Kurowski, 3b	2	1	1	2	2	Keller, lf	4	0	0	2	1
Marion, ss	3	0	1	0	1	Dickey, c	3	0	1	5	1
White, p	2	0	0	0	0	Priddy 3b, 1b	3	0	0	10	1
						Chandler, p	2	0	0	1	2
Totals	30	2	5	27	5	a-Ruffing	1	0	0	0	0
						Breuer, p	0	0	0	0	0
						Turner, p	0	0	0	0	0
						Totals	33	0	6	27	15

a-Batted for Chandler in eighth.

Score by Innings

St. Louis Cardinals	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2
New York Yankees	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Errors—W. Cooper, Breuer. Runs batted in—Brown, Slaughter. Stolen base—Rizzuto. Sacrifice—White. Double play—Keller and Dickey. Left on bases—St. Louis 4, New York 6. Bases on balls—Off Chandler 1, Turner 1. Struck out—By Chandler 3, White 6. Hits—Off Chandler, 3 in 8 innings; off Breuer, 2 in 0 (none out in 9th); off Turner, 0 in 1. Losing pitcher—Chandler.

Fourth Game

(At New York)

ST. LOUIS	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	NEW YORK	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.
Brown, 2b	6	0	2	1	5	Rizzuto, ss	5	1	3	4	2
T. Moore, cf	3	0	2	6	0	Rolfe, 3b	4	2	2	2	2
Slaughter, rf	4	1	0	1	0	Cullenbine, rf	4	1	2	0	0
Musial, lf	3	2	2	3	0	DiMaggio, cf	4	0	0	5	0
W. Cooper, c	5	1	2	2	1	Keller, lf	4	1	1	4	0
Hopp, 1b	3	2	1	7	0	Gordon, 2b	4	1	0	3	2
Kurowski, 3b	3	1	1	1	0	Dickey, c	4	0	0	2	0
Marion, ss	4	1	0	6	4	Priddy, 1b	4	0	1	7	2
M. Cooper, p	3	1	1	0	0	Borowy, p	1	0	0	0	1
Gumbert, p	0	0	0	0	0	Donald, p	2	0	0	0	0
Pollet, p	0	0	0	0	0	Bonham, p	0	0	0	0	2
a-Sanders	1	0	0	0	0	b-Rosar	1	0	1	0	0
Lanier, p	1	0	1	0	0						
Totals	36	9	12	27	9	Totals	37	6	10	27	11

a-Batted for Pollet in seventh.
b-Batted for Bonham in ninth.

Score by Innings

St. Louis Cardinals	0	0	0	6	0	0	2	0	1	—9
New York Yankees	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	—6

Errors—Kurowski, Dickey. Runs batted in—Cullenbine 2, Kurowski 2, M. Cooper 2, T. Moore, Musial, Keller 3, Priddy, W. Cooper, Marion, Lanier. Two-base hits—T. Moore, Rolfe, Musial, Priddy. Home run—Keller. Sacrifices—Hopp, T. Moore, Kurowski. Double play—Marion and Brown. Left on bases—New York 5, St. Louis 10. Bases on balls—Off Borowy 3, off Donald 2, off M. Cooper 1, off Bonham 2. Struck out—By Borowy 1, Donald 1, M. Cooper 2. Pitching summary—Off Borowy, 6 hits, 6 runs, in 3 innings (none out in fourth); off M. Cooper, 7 hits, 5 runs, in 5 1-3 innings; off Donald, 3 hits, 2 runs, in 3 innings (none out in seventh); off Gumbert, 1 hit, 1 run in 1-3 inning; off Bonham, 3 hits, 1 run in 3 innings; off Pollet, 0 hits, 0 runs in 1-3 inning; off Lanier, 2 hits, 0 run, in 3 innings. Winning pitcher—Lanier. Losing pitcher—Donald.

Fort Riley Eleven Beats Kansas State, 21 to 7

Unable to notch a single touchdown against college foes in their inaugural effort, Army football teams gained some measure of revenge during the second week-end of competition with undergraduate elevens.

Outstanding was the 21-7 victory of Fort Riley over Kansas State. The Cavalry eleven held an "Army Day" of its own, scoring in each of the last three periods. Fort Totten smeared Brooklyn College, 27-7, with Frank Saba starring. The former ace back from Holy Cross scored 18 points, dashing 40 and 32 yards on two touchdown maneuvers.

Cincy Coach Seeks Place In Army Specialist Corps

Columbus, O.—Hank Gowdy, Cincinnati coach, who was the first baseball player to volunteer for Army duty in World War I, wants to get into this one. He has offered to join the Army Specialist Corps.

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Series Stars Now Go Into Uniform

LANDIS CELEBRATES WITH THE CARDS—Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, the grand old man of baseball, gets his long hair rumpled by Whitey Kurowski in the St. Louis dressing room after the deciding game as he sits on the shoulders of Mort Cooper, left, and Billy Southworth. That's Ford Frick in the upper left corner.

WORLD SERIES BATTING

YANKEES

	ab.	r.	h.	pct.	so.	rbi.
Rosar	1	0	1	1.000	0	0
Rizzuto	21	2	8	.381	1	1
Rolfe	17	5	6	.353	2	0
DiMaggio	21	3	7	.333	1	3
Hassett	9	1	3	.333	1	2
Cullenbine	19	3	5	.263	2	2
Dickey	19	1	5	.263	0	0
Keller	20	2	4	.200	3	5
Ruffing	9	0	2	.182	2	0
Priddy	10	0	1	.100	0	1
Gordon	21	1	2	.095	7	0
Crosetti	3	0	0	.000	1	0
Bonham	2	0	0	.000	0	0
Chandler	2	0	0	.000	1	0
Donald	2	0	0	.000	0	0
Borowy	1	0	0	.000	1	0
Selkirk	1	0	0	.000	0	0
Stainback	0	0	0	.000	0	0
Breuer	0	0	0	.000	0	0
Totals	178	18	44	.246	22	14

Doubles—Rolfe, 2; Cullenbine, Gordon, Hassett, Priddy.
Home runs—Keller, 2; Rizzuto.

CARDINALS

	ab.	r.	h.	pct.	so.	rbi.
O'Dea	1	0	1	1.000	0	1
Lanier	1	0	1	1.000	0	1
M. Cooper	5	1	1	.200	1	2
Brown	20	2	6	.300	0	1
T. Moore	17	2	5	.294	3	2
W. Cooper	21	3	6	.286	1	4
Kurowski	15	3	4	.267	3	5
Slaughter	19	3	5	.263	2	2
Hopp	17	3	3	.231	1	0
Musial	18	2	4	.222	0	2
Beazley	7	0	1	.142	5	0
Marion	18	2	2	.111	2	3
White	2	0	0	.000	0	0
Walker	1	0	0	.000	1	0
Sanders	1	1	0	.000	0	0
Gumbert	0	0	0	.000	0	0
Pollet	0	0	0	.000	0	0
Crespi	0	1	0	.000	0	0
Totals	163	23	39	.239	19	23

Doubles—T. Moore, Slaughter, Musial, W. Cooper.
Triples—Kurowski, Marion.
Home runs—Slaughter, Kurowski.

West Point Definitely Plans Annapolis Game

WEST POINT—Another latrine rumor has been put to the test and found wanting.

This one had to do with the cancellation of the Army-Navy football classic. It was laid to rest for keeps by Army officials in a special release from West Point. They announced the game definitely would be played in Philadelphia Nov. 28.

The Cadets Corps, however, will likely miss that Annapolis fracas and the Harvard game because of transportation problems.

Fifth Game

(At New York)

ST. LOUIS

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.
Brown, 2b	3	0	2	3	4
T. Moore, cf	3	1	1	3	0
Slaughter, rf	4	1	2	2	0
Musial, lf	4	0	0	2	0
W. Cooper, c	4	1	2	2	1
Hopp, 1b	3	0	0	9	2
Kurowski, 3b	4	1	1	1	1
Marion, ss	4	0	0	3	4
Beazley, p	4	0	1	2	0
Totals	33	4	9	27	12

NEW YORK

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a
Rizzuto, ss	4	1	2	7	1
Rolfe, 3b	4	1	1	1	0
Cullenbine, rf	4	0	0	3	0
DiMaggio, cf	4	0	1	3	0
Keller, lf	4	0	1	1	0
Gordon, 2b	4	0	1	3	3
Dickey, c	4	0	0	4	0
Priddy, 1b	3	0	0	5	1
Ruffing, p	3	0	1	0	1
a-Stainback	0	0	0	0	0
b-Selkirk	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	2	7	27	6

a-Ran for Dickey in ninth.
b-Batted for Ruffing in ninth.

Score by Innings

St. Louis Cardinals	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	4
New York Yankees	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2

Errors—Brown 2, Hopp, Beazley, Priddy. Runs batted in—Rizzuto, Slaughter, DiMaggio, W. Cooper, Kurowski 2. Home runs—Rizzuto, Slaughter, Kurowski. Sacrifices—T. Moore, Hopp. Double plays—Gordon to Rizzuto to Priddy; Hopp to Marion to Brown. Left on bases—St. Louis 5, New York 7. Hits—Off Beazley 7, off Ruffing 9. Bases on balls—Off Beazley 1, off Ruffing 1. Struck out—By Beazley 2, by Ruffing 3.

Beazley, Moore, Slaughter, Rizzuto Lead Parade Into the Armed Forces

NEW YORK—When Whitey Kurowski knocked his home run into the left field stands at Yankee Stadium in the ninth inning of the fifth game of the World Series, giving the Cardinals their fourth straight and deciding triumph over the world champions, he probably rang down the curtain on top flight major league baseball for the duration.

If the American and National Leagues operate next season, the grade of players won't be anything like the talent of the last few years. Even the Cardinals and the Yankees won't be the same again—until the armistice, at least.

Johnny Beazley, the freshman pitching star, who hung it on the Yankees twice during the series expects to depart from the civilian ranks soon to join the Marines. Terry Moore, the brilliant Cardinal captain and center fielder, plans to go into uniform sometime in January.

Kurowski's In 4-F

And Enos ("Country") Slaughter, who contributed a homer to the Redbird cause in the thrilling final game, is entering the Army Air Force in a few weeks.

There will probably be plenty of the other young Cardinals in uniform before the start of another season. The only star that Billy Southworth can really expect to have on the premises if there is a season in 1943 is his hero, Kurowski.

The white-headed Polish slugger from Pennsylvania is classified as 4-F because he is having a big piece of bone removed from his right arm. How he manages to hit homers and throw the ball, nobody knows. Kurowski by the way has one brother overseas and another with the Marines at Parris Island.

Navy Gets Yankees

And the Yankees are drifting into the service, too. Phil Rizzuto, the outstanding series performer for the ex-world champs, has already enlisted in the Navy and Buddy Hassett is going along with him.

They say that Joe Gordon collected only two hits in the five games because he had his mind on a Navy Flying job that he's trying to get.

It will be the same way with other teams, too. Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky, for instance, the two Red Sox who led the American League in batting are about to join the Navy. Leo Durocher is planning on the same thing.

Nobody has said yet just what the major leagues plan for next year. But most of the stars will be playing another kind of World Series.

Red Ruffing Sets New Series Marks

NEW YORK—Here are a few World Series facts and figures for collectors of rare statistics:

St. Louis has now won four of the six world titles earned by the National League since 1926. . . . The attendance of 276,617 was a record-breaking figure for a five game series. . . . The four wins gave the Cardinals a mark of 45 triumphs in 53 games played since Aug. 10. . . . Red Ruffing's three strikeouts gave him a World Series total of 61, which smashes the old record of 59 held by Chief Bender. . . . Joe Gordon struck out seven times, just missing a tie with the record in that department (Roger Hornsby's eight). . . This was the first year that a crowd of 69,000 attended a series game and this year the gate was that high in three games at Yankee Stadium. . . . Johnny Beazley was the first freshman pitcher to win two games in this championship competition since Paul Dean did the trick in 1934.

Ruffing also established two more records in the opening game. He pitched seven and two-thirds innings of hitless ball and chalked up his seventh series victory. . . . Only nine pitchers have duplicated Beazley's feat of winning two series decisions. . . . Among them are Christy Mathewson, Jack Coombs, Chief Bender, Lefty Gomez and Carl Hubbell.

New Orleans, Tulsa Grab National Softball Crowns

DETROIT—National champions were crowned here in both the men's and women's divisions of that popular Army sport—softball.

Nina Korgan, allowing her first run in 58 innings over a two-year period of tournament play, pitched the Jax Brewers of New Orleans to the women's title with a 4-1 win over the Garden City Maids of Chicago.

The Deep Rock Oilers of Tulsa, Okla., took the men's crown, paced by the twirling of Sig Lawson who allowed five hits in shutting out both the Zollner Pistons, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., and the Briggs Bombers, of Detroit, by the same score, 2-0.

A LUCKY G.I. GETS A TICKET TO THE WORLD SERIES BUT SEES HIS YANKEES LOSE

Sgt. Kenneth L. Bennett of the Air Force was lucky enough to get away from Miami Beach to see the World Series in New York with his uncle, Thomas H. Delaire. Here they are watching that last game.

The sarge goes out for a hot dog and stops to talk with Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, the former Dorothy Arnold of the stage and movies. This will be something special to tell those G.I.s back in the barracks.

Even though the Cards win, he's still a Yankee fan. Here he gets Joe McCarthy to inscribe his baseball. "As long as they still ask me for my autograph," says the beaten manager, "it ain't so bad."

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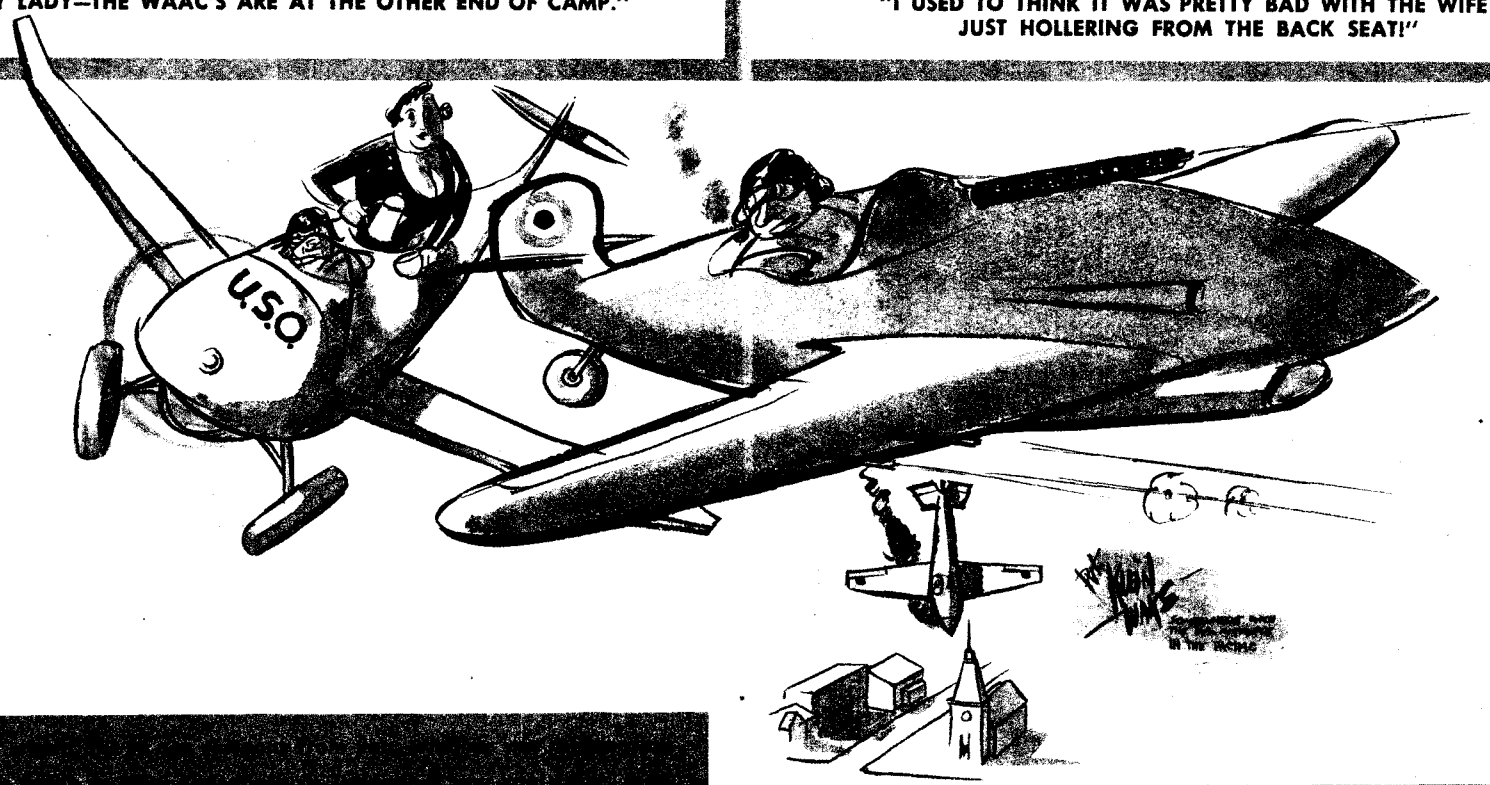
HE ARMY NEWSPAPER

"D'YA HAVE TO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF EVERYTHING?"

"HE JUST KEEPS MUMBLING THAT HE'S TIRED OF LAMB AND MUTTON."

"SORRY LADY—THE WAAC'S ARE AT THE OTHER END OF CAMP."

"I USED TO THINK IT WAS PRETTY BAD WITH THE WIFE JUST HOLLERING FROM THE BACK SEAT!"



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